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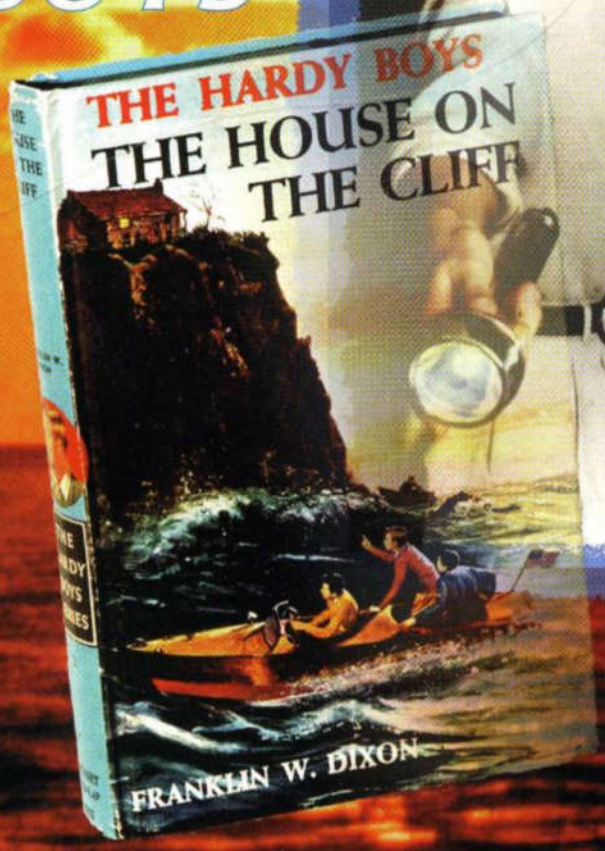

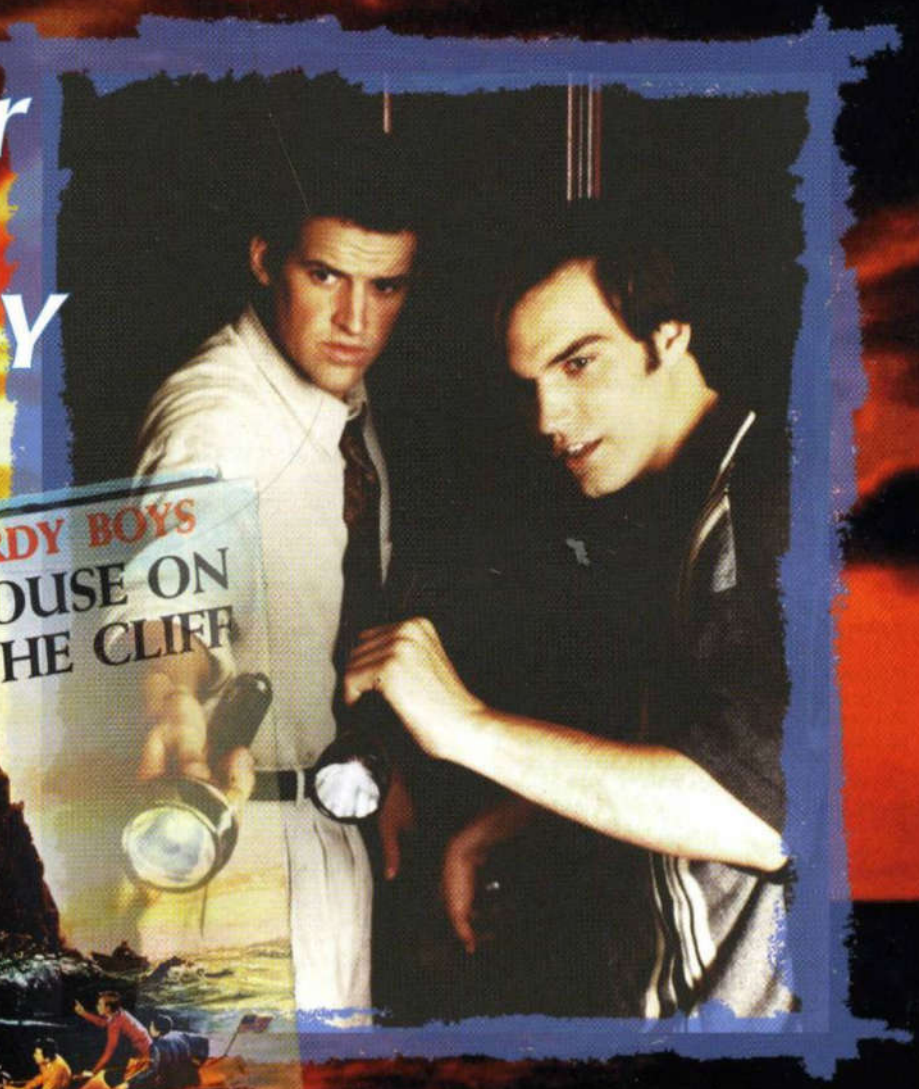

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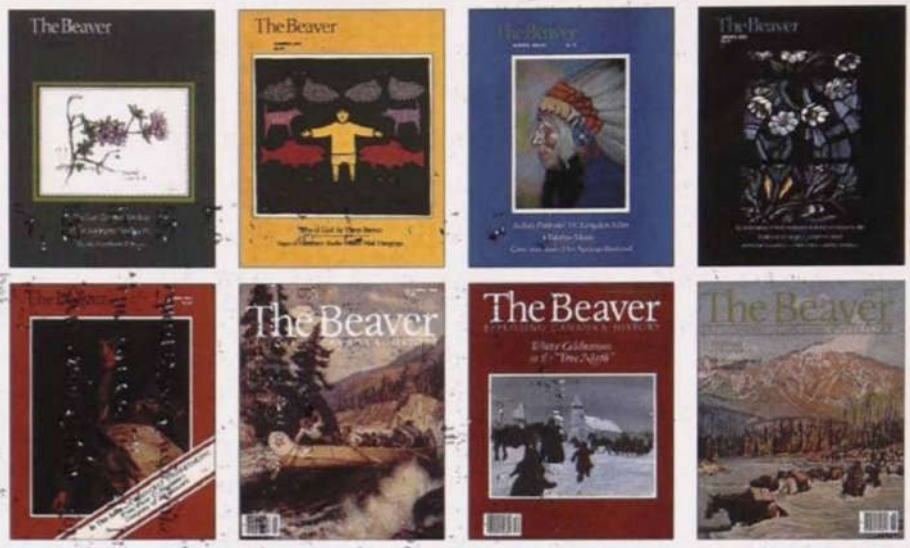

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Publisher
Rolph Huband

Advertising Representative: Murton & Co.
86 Brentcliffe Road, Toronto, ON. M4G 3Y6
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Advisory Committee:
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ON THE COVER: Photograph from the Hardy Boys television series, 1995, courtesy Nelvana Limited / Marathon Productions S.A. Inset: cover of the 1959 edition published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

Christopher Dafoe

'Dear Lord, our sins have angered Heaven'

"The late Mr. Nolin, who was one of the first adventurers in these parts, assured the writer that when he first entered Red River in the year 1776 the flood was still higher than on the present occasion; he having sailed that way as he declared, from Red Lake River, round by way of Pembina, and down towards the colony; the whole country therefore, being under water, and the river appearing to him rather like a lake. The Indians likewise mention a flood about the year 1790 and the natives now on the ground affirm that in 1809 the waters rose unusually high."

– Alexander Ross, *The Red River Settlement, Its Rise, Progress and Present State*, 1856.

As the June/July 1997 issue of *The Beaver* was being prepared for the press, a similar vast lake stretched from beyond the international border in North Dakota and Minnesota to the watery edge of Winnipeg and some observers were speaking of "the worst Red River flood in 500 years". Viewed from the air, large parts of Southern Manitoba and the Northern States appeared as a great inland sea swept by the wind, with small islands here and there that were really diked farms and towns. This "inland sea" covers a part of what was once the bed of the glacial Lake Agassiz, the largest of the many Pleistocene lakes of North America. When conditions are right, part of that lost lake comes back to haunt those who live and farm along the Red River Valley.

The notion that the flood of 1997, terrible as it is, might be "the worst in 500 years" can only be described as fanciful speculation because no detailed flood records exist farther back than the early nineteenth century. What we do know is that flooding has been frequent and destructive in the Red River Valley over the centuries and we know quite a lot about several of the worst of them.

Many recall the great flood of 1950 that devastated the Red River Valley from end to end, swamped large sections of the city of Winnipeg and forced the evacuation of nearly 100,000 people.

Flood waters were moving in on Hudson's Bay House, which then housed the offices of *The Beaver* (not to mention the fur trade and wholesale departments of the HBC), as editors prepared the June 1950 issue of the magazine. Located near The Forks, where the Red and Assiniboine rivers meet, the *Beaver* offices were in peril, but frantic sand-bagging and pumping saved the day and the issue went to press on time. *Beaver* editors took heart from the fact that two real beavers were observed swimming contentedly not far from the office windows.

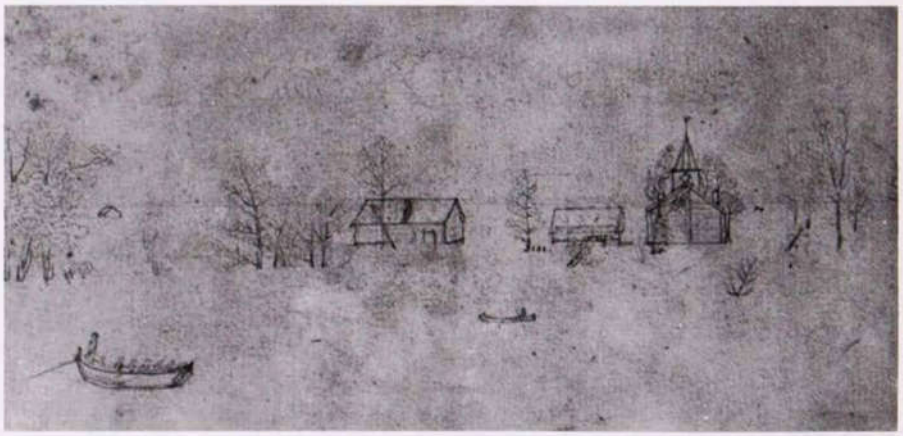
The flood of 1997 might well prove to be the worst in recorded history when all the final statistics come in. Certainly more people are involved than in previous times and more property has been affected.

The human population was small at the time of the great flood of 1826 and most of the Red River Valley stood empty, but the devastation was bitterly real and frightening to those involved. The hard winter that preceded the flood of 1826 was similar in many respects to the winter of 1996–97, with heavy snowfalls early and late and strong winds in early spring. Writing some years after the event, Alexander Ross painted a scene familiar to many who have endured Red River floods over the centuries:

"The winter had been unusually severe, having begun earlier and continued later than usual. The cold was intense ... the ice measured five feet seven in thickness. Notwithstanding all this, the colonists felt no dread until the spring was far advanced, when the flow of water, from the melting of the accumulated snow, became really alarming. On the day before the ice started, the water rose nine feet perpendicular in the 24 hours."

By 1997 bitter experience had taught inhabitants of the Red River Valley to fear a hard winter with heavy snow. In 1826 the settlers were taken fully by surprise.

"On the fourth [of May]," Ross tells us, "the water overflowed the banks of the river and now spread so fast that, almost before people were aware of the



Glenbow Archives

This sketch by P. Rindisbacher of the flood of 1826 shows St. John's Church viewed from the east bank of the Red River, with water to the horizon above the small buildings.

danger, it had reached their dwellings. Terror was depicted on every countenance and so level was the country, so rapid the rise of the waters, that, on the fifth, all the settlers abandoned their houses and sought refuge on higher ground."

In 1997 the evacuation was more orderly as thousands were moved from towns and farms along the valley, but the experience was no less harrowing for those involved and no less dispiriting for weary people watching the work of a lifetime swept away.

The scene that confronted the evacuees of 1826 would become familiar to victims of subsequent floods over the years that followed: "By this time the country presented the appearance of a vast lake ... the ice now drifted in a straight course from point to point, carrying destruction before it, and the trees were bent like willows by the force of the current."

In 1997 many towns are protected to some extent by earthen ringdikes and ramparts of sand-bags and the great Winnipeg Floodway, called "Duff's Ditch" after former Premier Duff Roblin, diverts part of the Red River flow around the city and on to Lake Winnipeg. In 1826 and in subsequent floods through to the 1960s everything in the river's path faced destruction. In 1826 the embattled settlers seeking refuge on a few points of high ground beheld a dismal sight: "Their houses, barns, carriages, furniture and every description of property might be seen floating along over the wide extended plain, to be engulfed in Lake Winnipeg. Hardly a house or building of any kind was left standing in the colony."

On Monday, 28 April 1997, strong south winds swept across the great lake of southern Manitoba creating, as many observers noted, high waves and whitecaps that threatened, in many places, to breach the dikes. Francis Heron, a Hudson's Bay Company man, noted the same phenomenon on 16 May 1826 and recorded his impressions in his journal: "The whole face of the country, below and above our encampment, is covered with water, and in this windy weather looks like an immense lake in a storm. Strong S.W. wind. Cloudy weather, with a few light showers of rain." Five days later the wind was still blowing hard and the camp in which Heron and other flood victims were taking refuge caught fire during a prayer meeting. The conflagration was soon under control, Heron noted wryly, "there being plenty of help and a good supply of water".

Since the great deluge of 1826, floods have swept down the Red River Valley at frequent intervals. One of the worst was in the year 1852 when the high waters came to within 18 inches of the mark set in 1826. "Dear Lord," wrote Bishop Provencher in a letter to a friend, "our sins have angered Heaven. The wake of this disaster has carried away homes, granaries, stables, bridges, fences, with a great loss of household goods. There were 5 feet of water around my house. Another two or three inches and it was on my floor. I did not leave. I was as one on a vessel on the ocean. Day and night I could hear the waves, whipped by a strong wind, beating against the walls of my house." The flood reached the Red River Settlement in the night and many awoke to find their beds afloat.

Donald Gunn and C.R. Tuttle wrote in their *History of Manitoba* of melancholy scenes witnessed during the flood of 1852: "The cold as well as the water pressed so hard, that one man was reduced to the necessity of cutting up his plough for firewood to save his children from freezing ... Three thousand five hundred souls abandoned their all and took to the open plains ... The people were huddled together in gipsy groups on every height or hillock that presented itself."

Floods came again in 1862 and again in 1882 when the *Manitoba Free Press* described a scene familiar to those who witnessed the floods this spring: "The party report very high water all along the river. The banks of the river from Emerson to Morris are very low and all the houses are flooded. At St. Jean Baptiste, as far as the eye can reach, nothing was to be seen but one broad expanse of water."

Winnipeg Free Press

Looking north, Main Street at Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, May 1950.

Serious flooding occurred in several years at the end of the nineteenth century, particularly 1892 and 1897 and the great ghost lake returned in 1904 and 1916. Floods seemed to taper off during the first half of the twentieth century, which possibly explains why the great deluge of 1950 was such a surprise to many, in spite of warning floods in 1948 and 1949.

Now the flood of 1997 appears to have topped them all, with an American city, Grand Forks, in ruins and destruction of a grimly familiar sort all along the Red River Valley. And yet we can record a kind of victory for human endurance and tenacity. The people of the Red River Valley fought hard and bravely against the enormous power of the flood of '97 and on many fronts they won. ◆

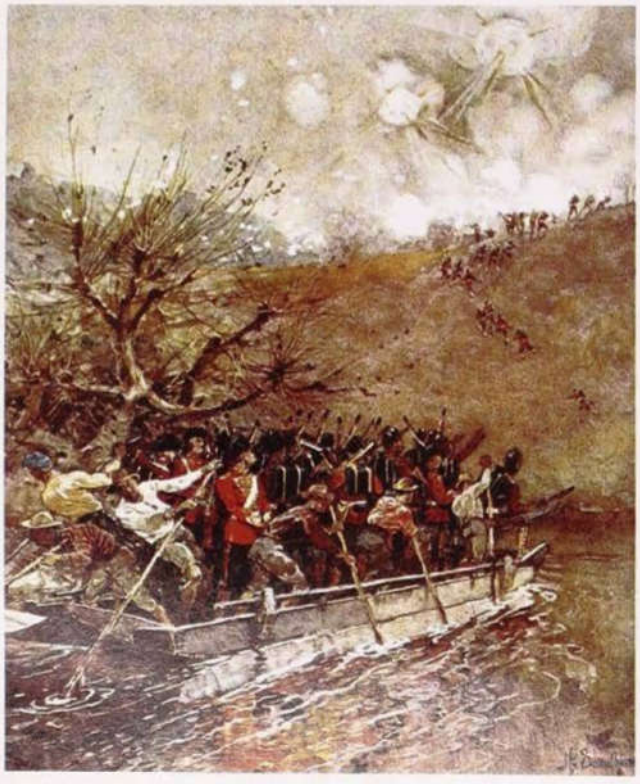
Medals for the Volunteers

Queen Victoria honours the victors of the North-West Rebellion

By Hugh A. Halliday

Soldiering and medals are inextricably linked, though not all medals or similar honours are bestowed upon the military.

Medals are granted for a variety of reasons. Bravery, associated with such honours as the Victoria Cross, Cross of Valour, or George Medal, is widely understood and appreciated. Honours are bestowed for other reasons, however. Services to the public or to humanity are recognized; thus, during the Second World War a distinguished plastic surgeon, Wing Commander Ross Tilley, was made an Officer, Order of the British Empire for his work with burned airmen; in 1972, for similar work in civil life, he was made an Officer in the Order of Canada.



Fish Creek, 24 April 1885. Middleton's troops are pinned down by Métis rifle fire. (Painting by J. Henry Sandham.)

The medals most commonly seen by the public are *campaign* medals, denoting that the recipient was present for a minimum specified period during a particular military campaign. They do not necessarily denote special merit, but they do proclaim to those who can "read" medals that the person wearing this Star or that Medal is a veteran of the associated events, be they the Battle of the Atlantic or peace-keeping duties on Cyprus.

For many years Canadian service personnel received campaign medals that had been approved and struck by outside authorities – the British government for the most part, though since 1956 the bulk of campaign medals worn by Canadians have been issued by the United Nations. In the history of Canadian medals, however, that issued for North-West Canada in 1885 holds a special place, for it marked the first advance of Canadian opinion into this field.

The story of the campaign is quickly told. In March 1885, Louis Riel formed an illegal "provisional government" at Batoche. A mixed force of North West Mounted Police and settler volunteers was ambushed at Duck Lake as they attempted to prevent arms from falling into rebel hands. A few Indian bands joined Riel, and the threat of a general native uprising loomed over the West. The Canadian government formed an expeditionary force with units from Eastern Canada as well as Manitoba and the affected territories. These units moved across the northern plains in several columns; General Frederick Middleton (a British officer commanding the Canadian Militia) directed operations.

Middleton's leadership was cautious; he knew his troops were inexperienced and he was anxious to avoid needless casualties; he did not intend to "do a Custer". His prudence was merited; at Fish Creek, Cut Knife Hill, and Frenchman's Butte, Canadian troops were out-fought and outmanoeuvered by Métis and Cree opponents. The battle that counted, however, was the siege and

capture of Riel's capital, Batoche, which was concluded on 12 May. All that was left was to pursue a few fleeing Indians and liberate their captives; this had been accomplished by 2 July.

The first intimation that a medal might be issued was a despatch from Lord Lansdowne (Governor General of Canada) to the British Colonial Secretary on 19 May 1885. Citing reports from General Middleton, Lansdowne declared that the troops should receive "some recognition of the services which they have rendered" and that such recognition would be well deserved. Although he had so far received no requests for a medal from Prime Minister Macdonald or the cabinet, Lansdowne evidently hoped that one would be forthcoming; he may even have been prepared to force the issue. Lansdowne was thinking beyond the views of the troops themselves:

> I have, however, no doubt, that if the medal was to be awarded by the Imperial Government the distinction would be much more appreciated by the recipients of the medal, by the volunteers of the Dominion, and by the people of this country generally.

Lansdowne raised the issue with the Colonial Office again on 10 July 1885. He was advised by a letter dated 22 July and a cable dated 25 July that any request from Canada for an Imperial medal (as opposed to one locally issued) would be favourably considered by the War Office. However, the Canadian government would be expected to bear the cost.

Lansdowne was opposed to such parsimony. If the Queen was going to lend her name and image to a medal, then the Imperial authorities should pay the costs as well. In a letter to Macdonald, the Governor General described the War Office approach as being "singularly ungracious". In another communication, Lansdowne elaborated his views:

> It may be the case that no Imperial funds are at present available for the medal, but I should think this might be got over. The rebellion has been put down without asking the Imperial government for a shilling from its Exchequer and I cannot help fearing that disagreeable comments will be made if the medal is presented by the Crown but paid for by Sir Leonard Tilley [Minister of Finance].

By 5 August, the British government had approved in principle the grant of an Imperial medal. Lansdowne had some ideas as to how it should appear; "The obverse will, I assume, represent the Queen's head and the reverse might be engraved with a design distinctive to the Dominion." At a later date, however, he suggested that Macdonald, Middleton, and the Minister of Militia, Sir Adolphe Caron, might arrive at a design for both the medal and its ribbon. It appears most likely that Middleton was the principal designer. It was Caron, however, who despatched, on 18 September, the Canadian proposals to London.

M-21

M-21

The Canadian initiative was actually a marked departure from previous practice, whereby design of medals was done either at the War Office, Royal Mint or a firm designated by either. It happened that the Mint's principal designer, Leonard Wyon, was too busy to take on the Canadian medal; he proposed that his cousin, Allen Wyon, should compose three designs, one of which the Canadian government might approve. The actions taken in Ottawa cut the Wyons out of the design process altogether.

The matter of who would pay for the medal was unresolved until 6 November, when the Colonial Office advised Lansdowne that the Imperial government would bear the costs. However, the monies would not be paid out of War Office funds; instead, they would be charged against a special account, "Grants in Aid of Colonies".

The Royal Mint had estimated, in August 1885, that the medal would cost £30 per hundred

Black Devils of '85

Men of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles got their baptism of fire and their nickname – "The Little Black Devils" – in the rebellion.

if struck in silver, £10 per hundred if in bronze, not including expenses incurred in design and manufacture of dies. Once a Canadian design had been accepted, engraving of the medal began under the supervision of the Deputy Master of the Mint. The first specimen was shown to the Canadian High Commissioner on 1 December 1885. The medal itself was a blend of the Imperial and the Colonial; the obverse showed Queen Victoria, diademed, veiled and facing left; it was identical to the Egyptian Medal which had been authorized in November 1884. The reverse – unilingual – bore the words NORTH WEST - 1885 - CANADA in three lines, the whole encircled by a wreath of maple leaves.

Official correspondence from Lansdowne suggests a general public demand for a medal; military opinion was not so obvious. The editors of the *Canadian Militia Gazette* expressed both surprise and pleasure when it was announced that a medal was to be issued:

> So the North West Field Force are to receive medals, and that not by any Canadian decision, but by the authority of the Imperial Government. To those who argued that the small scale of the operations, and the fact that the insurgents were our fellow citizens, put the issue of medals out of the question, and we must confess to some sympathy with them, the Imperial action has been a surprise. It means that the Government considers that Canada has, with the self-contained resources, so admirably managed a serious outbreak that her success is worthy of a lasting memorial. By the troops concerned we are certain the medals will be highly valued, and this issue will incite the whole force to emulate their comrades if ever again called upon for action.

If the medal was a pleasant surprise to the troops, it soon became contentious, at least in the letters columns of the *Canadian Militia Gazette*. Scarcely an issue passed without one or two letters debating the need for a clasp for those who had served under fire. The question was first raised in the *Gazette* on 10 November 1885; by 7 December it had been brought to the attention of Macdonald himself by a correspondent who reported some veterans would refuse to wear the medal if it lacked a suitable clasp.

British troops had long been issued service medals with clasps denoting presence in a designated campaign or battle. In Canada the medal was to be issued to every militia volunteer who had served west of Fort William; should not a clasp be granted for those who had been under fire? The veterans of Batoche were especially anxious to have a clasp with that battle inscribed upon it, pointing out that Batoche had been the only clear-cut victory of the campaign. One veteran, signing himself as "South Saskatchewan", wrote:

> Clasps have been given to Imperial troops for much milder affairs than was Batoche, as witness some received for the late Egyptian campaign and notably the bombardment of Alexandria. That there should be no distinction between those who bore the brunt of the campaign and those who lived along

the line of the railway in comparative safety and comfort seems absurd and almost incomprehensible.

General Middleton proposed a clasp, "Saskatchewan", for those who had fought at any of the major engagements; a second clasp, "Batoche", would go to those who had helped overwhelm the Métis capital. The War Office, however, opposed clasps for small actions fought during internal rebellions, particularly when it appeared that clasps might be demanded for every separate engagement. The Canadians persisted; on 13 December 1886 the cabinet, at Caron's urging, passed an Order in Council recommending that a silver clasp engraved "Saskatchewan" be authorized for those who had fought at the four principal actions. The War Office finally relented in February 1887. Of the 5,250 North West Canada Medals issued, 1,753 would be supplemented with the "Saskatchewan" clasp.

In the meantime, another issue had been raised. If veterans of the late campaign were to receive medals, why not campaign medals for earlier militia service? At least one person had suggested, in October 1885, that the new medal should be distributed to those who had gone to Red River in 1870 to suppress the first Riel disturbance. Lord Lansdowne forwarded the idea to Macdonald, but opposed it as well; the 1870 expedition had been a bloodless affair and extending the North West Canada Medal to its veterans might be resented by those of '85. Somewhat later, someone signing himself as "Fusilier" suggested to the *Canadian Militia Gazette* that a medal be struck for those who had been called out during the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870. The editors of that magazine were dead against the idea; too much time had passed, the troops' performance had been uneven, and the numbers involved were excessive – "nearly the whole militia force of that day". This correspondence may have ignited a spark, however. In January 1899 the British government finally authorized issuance of a Canada General Service Medal with three clasps – Fenian Raid (1866), Fenian Raid (1870), and Red River (1870). A total of 16,668 were awarded.

If it was agreed that the medal should be for 1885 service alone, there was room for argument as to who should be eligible. Discussion had focused almost wholly upon the militia, but others had also been involved. "Justice", writing from Battleford on 1 January 1886, drew attention to "civilian" participants in the campaign – members of the Mounted Police, Battleford Rifles, Home Guard, and Prince Albert Volunteers. William White, Comptroller of the NWMP, asked in April 1886 if the medal might be granted to those members of the force who had been present at the various actions. This was conceded through Orders in Council dated 19 July 1886 and 17 December 1887, which not only gave the North West Canada Medal to policemen who had been under fire but to civilians aboard the steamer *Northcote* which had played a brief role at Batoche.

The police were still not fully satisfied. In April 1888 the Commissioner of the NWMP, Laurence W. Herchmer, suggested that all members of the force present in the North-West during the rebellion should receive the medal. Herchmer argued that constables who had dissuaded natives from joining the rebels had, by preventative measures, had a conducive effect on the campaign. This was conceded; an Order in Council dated 20 August 1900 declared that all members of the NWMP who had been on service in the Territories during the rising could now receive the medal.

General Middleton (right) visits the wounded after Fish Creek.

One other group received belated recognition. In November 1944 the Saskatchewan section of the North West Field Force Association suggested that civilians who had been engaged, including Home Guards and teamsters, should receive the medal. The Department of National Defence admitted that civilians had been important in transport roles prior to formation of the Army Service Corps, and on 19 April 1945 an Order in Council extended the award of the North West Canada Medal to surviving members of the Transport Service. ◆

Hugh A. Halliday retired in 1995 from the staff of the Canadian War Museum, Ottawa.

Sin or Salvation?

Protecting Toronto's Working Girls

By Carolyn Strange

By now, it's a familiar joke. A foreign businessman, escorted through the office district of a North American city, observes knots of smartly dressed young women, huddled in doorways, smoking and sharing a laugh. Reaching the obvious conclusion, he turns to his host and remarks with a wink: "You sure have lots of prostitutes here." "Oh no!," his host corrects him: "they're just secretaries, out for their smoke break."

The joke's punchline highlights the blurry cultural boundaries between women in public and "public women". Yet mistaking working women for prostitutes is a habit much older than the history of smoke-free office buildings. And it hasn't always been a joke.

More than a century ago, when young single women first flocked to industrializing cities in search of wages, Canadians took the phenomenon very seriously. Some predicted that "working girls" would fall victim to urban perils; many feared that they would lead others into sin. In either case, analysts of industrial urbanization were concerned more about women's time off the job than they were about their wages and working conditions on the job. For their part, Canada's first female workers discovered that their presence on city streets, in factories and shops, and in parks – in short, in public – earned them more attention than they would ever have imagined or desired.

Young single women's entrance on urban stages in mid-nineteenth-century Canada set off rounds of debates, from parental parlours to Parliament. Would young women uphold their domestic responsibilities after tasting the independence of wage-earning? Would they drift toward city pleasures? Would they fall into danger without constant supervision? Unlike our mistaken businessman, Canadians in the early industrial period had no confident cultural interpreters to turn to. But well-meaning moral overseers did their best to evaluate this unprecedented rift in

Waiting in line for waitressing jobs at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, 1920s.

the economic, demographic, and cultural makeup of Canadian life.

In some respects, these changes were not as radical as nostalgic Canadians claimed. After all, there has never been a period in Canadian history when women did not work. One need only read Susanna Moodie's and Catharine Parr Traill's accounts of pioneer life to appreciate the taxing duties of housewifery in the "rough". Similarly, Anna Jameson's "rambles" show that even hostesses had to work to ensure that social occasions went off without a hitch. Fewer accounts exist of the work that kept high-class establishments humming along in pre-industrial times. Women who performed the most arduous work – servants in rural and urban households, aboriginal women involved in the fur trade, and black slaves who toiled without remuneration – were invisible to most eighteenth- and nineteenth-century chroniclers of Canadian women's work.

By the mid- to late-nineteenth century, indifference to ordinary working women transformed into obsession as Canadians developed an inordinate interest in a new breed of young women: those who earned wages in non-domestic city work. Historical patterns of female labour, etched by distinctions of class, race and region, were upset by the industrial revolution and the widespread introduction of paid labour. Investigators discovered that women who took up new forms of work left the familiar confines of farms, homes and family, for cities, factories and the company of strangers. Suddenly, the working woman became front-page news.

By the mid-nineteenth century, no engraving of a cityscape was complete without a jumble of smoke stacks, belching out clouds of steam and soot which (in nineteenth-century terms) symbolized progress. Men, women and children laboured in Canada's early manufacturing sector. In woollen mills and tobacco factories, female and child workers greatly outnumbered male workers. Not everyone thought this spelled progress, however.

By the 1870s and '80s, industrial reports castigated employers who routinely mistreated children. Damning evidence in the 1889 Report of the Royal Commission on the Relations of Labour prompted most provinces to pass legislation prohibiting the industrial employment of young children.

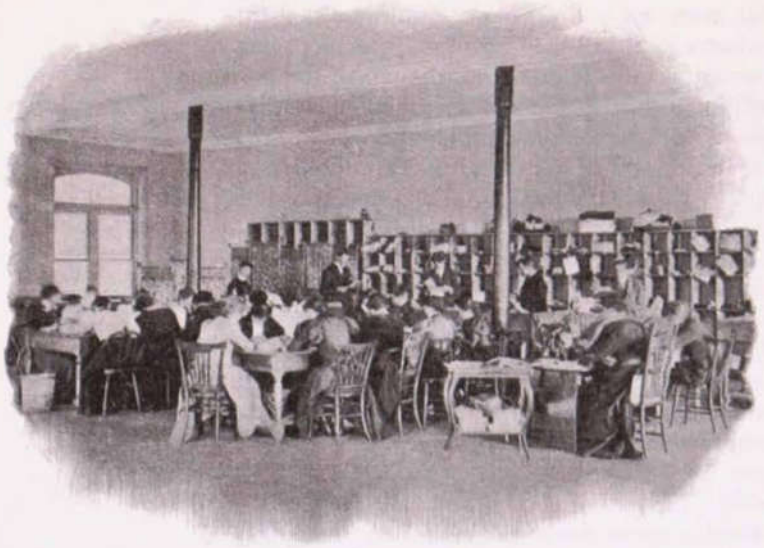
Temporarily defeated, industrialists and retailers decided that children could be replaced by female labourers – almost as cheap to employ, but more apt and efficient. Employers in light industry increased their profit margins by paying women workers at one-third to one-half the rate they paid their male employees. Nonetheless, as the range of manufacturing and retail jobs expanded, women traded in their maids' caps and aprons to take up work which their aunts and mothers would never have imagined doing.

Masters and mistresses were mystified. Why would young women prefer to work in factories under conditions of "monotonous toil and sordid degradation?", they puzzled. A former domestic set them straight: "I had a hard time to pay board and make ends meet when I started shopwork, but I was much better used."

"Never in the world's history was such a glamour thrown around sin; never was vice presented in such a multitudinous variety of forms, or in so fair a guise; and never before were the emissaries of Satan so unwearied in their efforts to entrap unsuspecting victims."

In Toronto, as in other industrializing cities, these economic transitions produced profound cultural repercussions. As the city's industrial and commercial sectors boomed in the late-nineteenth century, a lively and committed movement emerged simultaneously, bound and determined to shape the moral character of urban economic development. Toronto's boosters dubbed their city "the Chicago of the North", but its moral watchdogs swore that it would never share the windy city's reputation for vice.

One of virtuous Toronto's earliest victories was to introduce Canada's first morality squad in 1889. Its sponsor, Mayor William Howland, set out to probe the immoral underside of urban life like a zealous doctor flushing out a wound. His efforts to eradicate rowdy saloons and disorderly brothels earned the city its nickname, "Toronto the Good". Not surprisingly, in a city officially committed to imposing puritanical standards of propriety, the moral welfare, and potential moral danger of the wage-earning woman, became matters of public concern.



Working at Simpson's mail order room, circa 1900.

The Young Women's Christian Association (YWCA) assumed an early leadership role in attempting to steer wage-earning women to safety and respectability. The Toronto branch launched its operations in 1878, proclaiming the problem of the "girl worker" its primary mission. As their first Annual Report explained, young working women, left to their own devices, were no match for urban dangers: "Never in the world's history was such a glamour thrown around sin; never was vice presented in such a multitudinous variety of forms, or in so fair a guise; and never before were the emissaries of Satan so unwearied in their efforts to entrap unsuspecting victims."

Philanthropic overseers, stirred by such alarming images, declared that Toronto's female wage-earners were "women adrift". Skipping over the fact that more than 80% of women workers in the late-nineteenth century still lived with their own families, in boarding houses, or in their employers' homes, the Y ladies focused on the exceptional "helpless workwoman". In the process, they turned her into an icon of all that was wrong with urban "progress". Alone and friendless in the city, the woman adrift was allegedly at the mercy of employers who paid her a pittance without even providing a roof over her head. As YWCA reports darkly warned, desperate women made easy prey for urban villains.

Criminal justice records and newspapers tell a different story, however. Melodramatic police court columns in the dailies were meant as much to entertain readers as to inform. Stories of working girls gone astray were regular features. Yet hard-nosed court reporters rarely pandered to sentimental notions of innocent young maidens, ensnared by procurers. Instead, they typically described female defendants as "brazen courtesans" and hard-drinking, "pugnacious females". Some seem to have earned their titles. For instance, readers of the *Toronto News* in 1881 would have read about a young unmarried mother, convicted of disorderliness for throwing stones at the man who had abandoned her. Even more shocking was an 1894 incident, in which seamstress Clara Ford disguised herself as a man in order to shoot and kill a young man whom she claimed had forced himself on her.

That contradictory images of young working women – as both victims and dangerous creatures – co-existed suggests that Torontonians were ambivalent about the emergence of female wage-earners in their city. While soft-hearted moralists considered them vulnerable innocents, others, campaigning to clean up urban vice, thought that working girls were just as likely to be moral menaces, corrupting men not only by tempting them to sin, but by spreading venereal disease.

"Fallen women" learn domestic skills at the reformatory, Toronto, 1910.

C.S. Clark, a journalist who mocked Toronto's stuffiness, was anything but soft-hearted when it came to working girls. His sensationalist expose, *Of Toronto the Good* (1894), was an acerbic critique of the Morality Squad's approach to fighting urban immorality. In his opinion, its cosmetic clean up of Toronto's vice districts masked the fact that "loose women [had] scattered themselves about" in private rooms where they plied their trade without police interference. Worse still, he claimed that young women who strolled through Toronto's streets and parks after a day's work had turned the city

into a huge open-air brothel, "the roof of which is the blue canopy of heaven during the summer months."

To his consternation, Clark's cranky pronouncements failed to trim the sails of Toronto's anti-vice forces. In fact, they picked up steam by the early-twentieth century as new organizations, including the Toronto Local Council of Women and the Toronto Vigilance Committee, arose. Leaders of these organizations, along with evangelically-minded Protestant clergy, warned local politicians that a new danger lurked on the urban horizon: "white slavery".

Their sensational claim, that an organized traffic in women operated for purposes of sexual enslavement, shocked Canadians. Those in greatest danger, Local Council speakers advised, were young rural women who sought work in cities: "Men and women who make it [their] practice to deal in human flesh, go to small towns and through misrepresentations and a sum of money from ten to twenty dollars, induce unsophisticated girls to go to the city. The girls are nearly all under twenty." In a period when over 50,000 women, many of them former country girls, toiled in Toronto's manufacturing, office, and retail sectors, such allegations shocked parents already anxious about their working daughters' safety.

By the 1910s, women's groups, religious lobbyists, and new professionals, particularly social workers, joined forces to demand that a scientific study of "white slavery" be conducted in Toronto. Remarkably, the city complied, and a sensational vice survey was published in 1915.

A curious blend of new terminology and old preoccupations, the Report reprised Clark's earlier diatribes against lascivious women. Unable to verify that a white slavery trade actually operated in Toronto, undercover vice investigators dredged up a new problem which they labelled "occasional prostitution". "Occasionals" were working girls whom they observed supplementing their income and spicing up their nightlife by doling out sexual favours to men. The evidence seemed clear: when asked why they went out on dates, working girls shamelessly replied, "for fun" or "for a good time".

Vice investigators, mainly university students and church workers, translated working girls' taste for treats into vaguely criminal inclinations. "Occasionals" might not accept money, as professional prostitutes did, but they reportedly debased themselves through their desire for fast company and the "suppers, shows and drinks paid for them by their male associates." The fact that "good times girls" did not consider themselves to be prostitutes, occasional or otherwise, apparently made little difference.

HOW MANY YOUNG GIRLS ARE RUINED

Flirting and its Dangers.

Out for a good time: The big city was full of temptations and perils for women and men.

"While soft-hearted moralists considered them vulnerable innocents, others, campaigning to clean up urban vice, thought the working girls were just as likely to be moral menaces, corrupting men not only by tempting them to sin, but by spreading venereal disease."

As new forms of commercial amusement developed, familiar worries multiplied about working girls' inappropriate use of their time away from work. Although worldly visitors persistently complained about Toronto's staid ways, even this straight-laced city offered a working girl plenty of ways to have good times.

Young women seek diversion at Scarborough Beach Amusement Park, 1907.

A year-round panoply of cheap diversions emerged by the early-twentieth century. Vaudeville and burlesque houses were especially popular. Stiff competition meant that entrepreneurs had to compete for paying customers by keeping ticket prices low. The Majestic Theatre, which offered tickets for as little as 5¢ and 10¢ in 1910, featured "Six Big Vaudeville Acts" and the "Latest Moving Pictures". The Gaiety Burlesque and Vaudeville Theatre catered to respectable women while the Star Burlesque House ('SMOKE IF YOU LIKE') courted a rougher crowd for its girlie shows. Scattered throughout downtown there were also scores of nickelodeons, operated by small-time amusement operators. Once larger theatres opened, such as the Hippodrome near City Hall, working girls swarmed to movie houses by the thousands.

Several earlier forms of entertainment expanded their offerings. The Canadian National Exhibition, in business since 1879, had introduced Torontonians and visitors to various amusement devices, including a ferris wheel, in the 1890s. By the early 1900s its midway was packed with rides, games and exotic delicacies, such as Coney Island hotdogs and ice cream cones. In 1907 Scarborough Beach Park, a combination open-air circus and amusement park, opened to great fanfare as "The City of Illusions". Lit by thousands of electric bulbs, its image shimmered on the lake and was visible from the roller coaster and merry-go-round at Hanlan's Point. The "surf bathing" at Scarborough Beach, unlike most of the city's beaches which were reserved for men and boys, allowed youth of both sexes to cavort in the waves, clad in scanty outfits.

The city also went dance crazy, to the chagrin of moralists, including Reverend John G. Shearer of the Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada. Amusements such as roller rinks allowed mingling, and dance parlours depended upon both male and female patronage to survive. Dance parlours popped up on entertainment strips along Yonge Street and offered patrons a cheerful, exciting outing, enlivened by peppy music and kinetic energy. In short, Toronto's burgeoning entertainment scene offered its working girls unprecedented opportunities for amusement. And this was precisely what alarmed conservative observers.

While conservative analysts uttered the familiar refrain for increased controls over young working women others, influenced by ideas emerging from the new profession of social work, called for more appropriate channels through which youthful energy and curiosity might flow harmlessly. In many respects, both groups got their way. Those calling for more control successfully lobbied for women police officers (to patrol commercial amusement venues), women's courts (to try cases involving female victims and defendants), and longer reformatory terms (for female morals offenders who might otherwise be fined and released).

By the First World War, worries that professional and occasional prostitutes were spreading venereal disease were addressed as well. Official court observers and Children's Aid Workers (with jurisdiction over youth under 21) could refer young women arrested on vagrancy charges, and those who ran away from home, to medical clinics for testing and mandatory treatment. Working girls who defiantly claimed their right to do as they pleased were also sent to psychiatric clinics. There, men such as Doctor C.K. Clarke often diagnosed gum-chewing, smart-mouthed young women as "feeble-minded", or as "sexual psychopaths". In those cases, pleasure-seeking young women discovered that good times could end in disaster.

Of course, not every fun-loving girl ended up in court or a VD clinic. Most managed to keep their leisure activities within the bounds of propriety. By the 1910s, it became easier to do so. After years of pressure from their boarders, YWCA houses sponsored dances, to which resi-

dents could invite "gentlemen". As one working girl (who called herself "Happy-go-Lucky") counselled: "Evening means much to the average business girl and two of these in each week should be spent in recreation or 'frivolity' of some sort."

By the 1910s, supervised boarding house literature promoted a similar philosophy of balanced work and play. Sherbourne House, Toronto's largest boarding facility for single, working women, was built by Simpson's department store magnate H.H. Fudger in 1917 at a cost of $500,000. Intended for the "feminine staff" of Simpson's and other business women, it provided 150 bedrooms in a four-storey building behind a mansion that was converted into a club house. Together with the YWCA houses, these institutions operated to "promote the best type of womanhood".

Through employee notices, uplifting lectures, and government-sponsored films and contests, working girls in the post-war era learned that they were to use their youthful energy carefully, and to administer their leisure time responsibly, so that they might be fit to nurture "the coming generation". The War's terrible toll (over 3,100 Toronto men had died) underlined calls that young women work and play for the sake of the nation, not their own ambitions.

Serious-minded women took this sober admonition to heart, but many working girls took a jocular approach to advice on self-improvement. For instance, the residents at Anglican-sponsored Georgina House poked fun at calisthenics programmes designed to keep wage-earning women fit. They drew up a list of satirical "Exercises for Reducing, Specially Suited for the Business Girl", and mimicked the directions they would have heard in YWCA classes or in company recreation programmes. Directions for the "Lumbago Dip" provide a typical example:

> Stand erect, bend slowly from the waist, touch tips of shoes with extended fingers. At your first attempt you will probably bring on a stroke of apoplexy ... repeat until you are blue in the face.

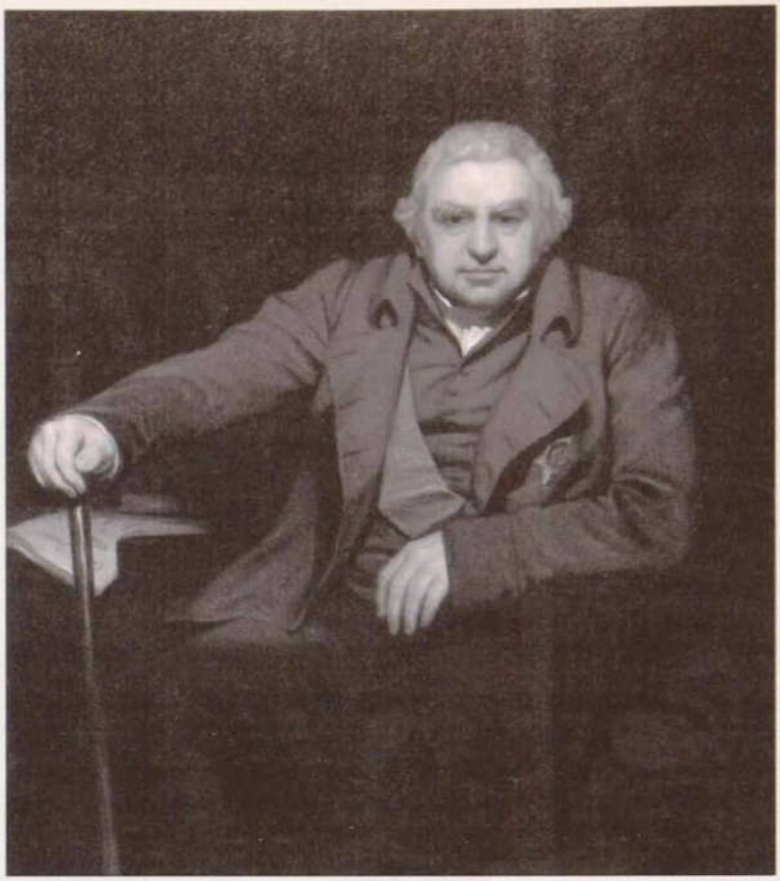
Other mock exercises called for bending backwards from the waist "until your head hits the floor," or rolling down a steep hill toward a railroad crossing. Even Toronto's good Anglican girls, who knew how they *ought* to behave, could get a laugh out of morally-uplifting pep talks.

So, the First World War did not introduce Torontonians to the wage-earning woman: a half-century's worth of female urban pioneers who worked for wages did. In spite of their contribution to the city's economic growth, their fellow city-dwellers never saw them simply as workers. Even after the war, when middle-class girls joined their working-class sisters in the wage-earning ranks, and working prior to marriage no longer caused a stir, working women continued to appear primarily as emblems of urban moral life. As our businessman's misidentification of secretaries as prostitutes reminds us, another half-century of women toiling in public workplaces hasn't done much to challenge old moral suspicions. ◆

"The city also went dance crazy, to the chagrin of moralists, including Reverend John G. Shearer of the Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada."

The dancing craze worried moralists. Where would it lead?

Carolyn Strange teaches at the Centre of Criminology, University of Toronto. She is the author of "Toronto's Girl Problem: The Perils and Pleasures of the City, 1880–1930" (University of Toronto Press, 1995), on which this article is based.



National Portrait Gallery, London

Joseph Banks in later life.

A Naturalist in Newfoundland

"For dirt and filth of all kinds, St. John's may in my opinion remain unrivalled, as it far exceeds any fishing town I ever saw in England... containing two or three hundred houses and near as many fish flakes which in summer time must cause a stench scarce to be supported."

By Barry Baldwin

Over 200 years ago, on 22 April 1766, a 32-gun frigate, the *Niger*, sailed from Plymouth for Newfoundland and Labrador. Its mission was to help keep the peace between violently quarrelling English, French, Spanish and Portuguese fishermen, a volatile situation created by the terms of the Treaty of Paris that had ended the Seven Years' War in 1763.

On this ship was a 23-year-old Englishman from Revesby, Lincolnshire, Mr. (later, Sir) Joseph Banks, naturalist and explorer, who would become a long-serving president of Britain's oldest scientific body, the Royal Society. As a young botanist, Banks accompanied Captain James Cook on the global circumnavigation that produced the discovery of Australia where he (Banks) found – and ate – the kangaroo. Other voyages took Banks to places as far apart as Iceland and Tahiti.

In his native land, he was in the forefront of the establishment of Kew Gardens, while his circle of famous friends included Edward Gibbon and Samuel Johnson; the latter penned a Latin couplet in honour of the goat which accompanied Banks on his circumnavigations.

A fellow scientific enthusiast who was with him on the *Niger* was an old school friend from Eton, Constantine John Phipps, who deserves a spot in both Canadian and scientific history for providing the first proper accounts of the polar bear and the ivory gull, after encountering these on a subsequent (1773) voyage to the far North, on which he was accompanied by a 15-year-old boy destined to become far more famous than Phipps or Banks – Horatio Nelson.

Captain Cook.

Joseph Banks was in Newfoundland and Labrador between early May and late October 1766. During his stay, as on other voyages, he kept a journal in which he recorded his finds and impressions, scientific and otherwise. Running to some 22,000 words, it is now in a library in Adelaide, the property of the Royal Geographical Society of Australia.

From the first one on 3 May, pretty well every journal entry records in often-colourful language (*e.g.* jellyfish are called blubber) birds, fish, and plants. On his departure Banks took with him 340 plants, 91 birds, many fish and invertebrates, and some mammals including a live porcupine. Like the true Englishman he was, Banks saw everything in terms of his own country's flora and fauna, though to be fair, not always to the latter's advantage.

Newfoundland turned on some characteristic weather for Banks. There were violent gales on 4 and 5 May; much mist and fog, providing a suitably sinister atmosphere for his sighting of an "Island of Ice ... a body of whitish light not unlike the gleaming of the Aurora Borealis," and four feet of snow on 21 May. This soon went, though, and a month later we find Banks complaining on 13 June about it being "as hot or even hotter than I ever knew it in England." On this day, Banks harboured at Croque and was reunited with Phipps who had gone there on the *Niger* to set up an exploration base (complete with garden of both familiar and strange vegetables) which he dubbed "Crusoe Hall". There he encountered another plague of the North American summer: "Mr. Phipps works night and day and lets the mosquetos [*sic*] eat more of him than he does of any food."

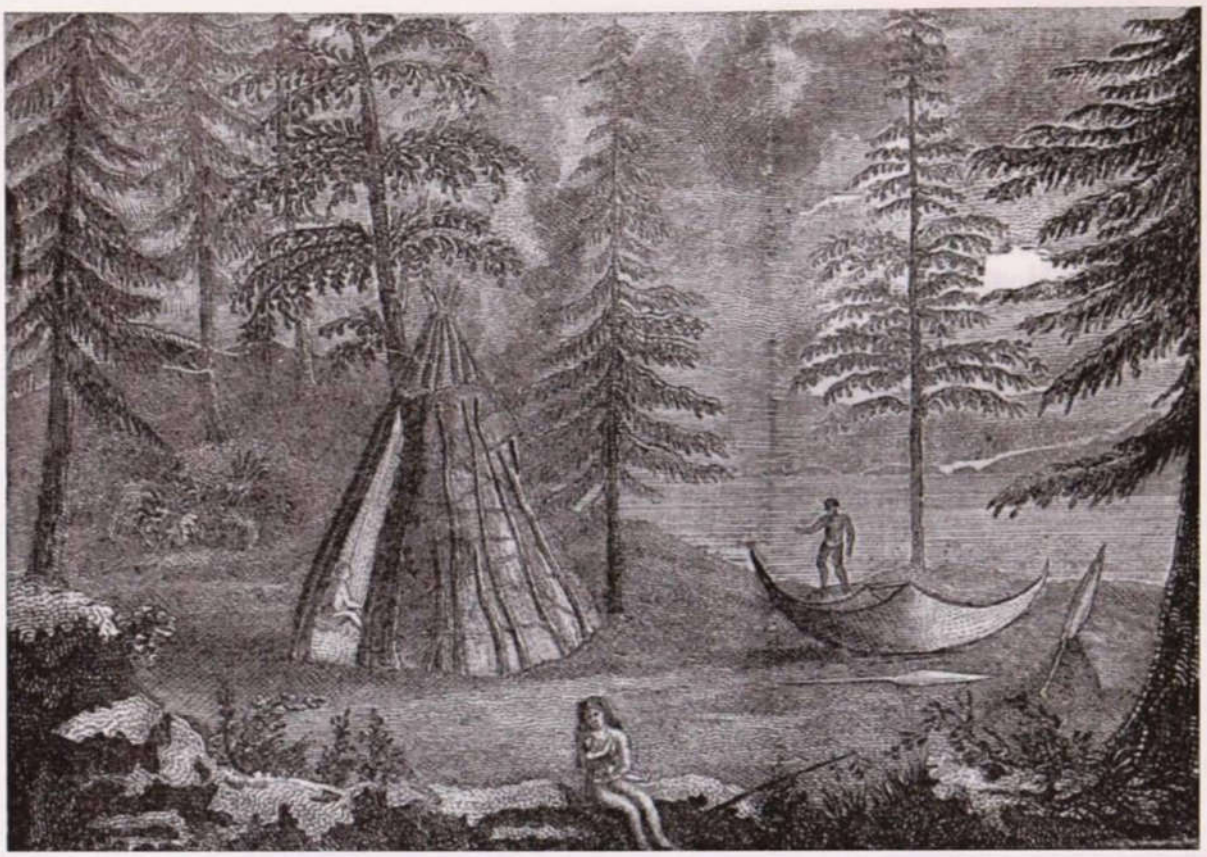
A few days later, Banks was excited by reports of a polar bear with two cubs, but never saw them himself. Most of July was lost to a serious bout of fever, bad enough to leave his journal empty for that month and with only a general sketch of his August doings, before the diary form was resumed in September. Still, Banks was sufficiently recovered in August to take a great interest in local food and drink. He fell quite in love with a chowder made of small chunks of salt pork and cod: "when well made a luxury that the rich even in England in my opinion might be fond of." The local herring and salmon, he thought, did not match their English counterparts, but he did concede the superiority of Canadian halibut. The local curlew, golden plover, ducks, geese, partridges, and teal were "all good to eat," and went down well with a swig of spruce beer.

Talking of halibut, his first renewed diary entry, 2 September, reports the discovery of a gigantic specimen, its dimensions so incredible that Banks takes care to confirm them for himself, lest people in England refuse to believe his account: 6'11" from tip to tail, 284 lbs. in weight; more particulars are added about the size of its fins and gills.

Then, more gales, causing much havoc among fishermen and their boats, the French losing three vessels and 100 men. Banks notes with grim satisfaction that French boats are "smaller than ours." But on balance, he was glad to see the end of summer's heat, and above all the mosquitoes.

There are more momentous items in Banks' journal. A miniature fisherman's war between a lone Englishman and three or four French occupies his entry for 22 June. The Briton "complained grievously" that the French prevented him from taking bait, while they fished and moored their bait boats on the ground where the fish were usually caught; also that the French were equipping each boat with armed guards ("2 muskets to each bait boat"). Not surprisingly, Banks takes his compatriot's side on this issue.

His journal for August contains a lengthy account of Newfoundland Indians, replete with lurid details of their unusual scalping technique: "their method is very different from the Canadian, they not being content with the hair but skinning the whole face at least as far as the upper lip." Banks himself had acquired one such specimen, taken from a certain Sam Frye, a luckless fisherman whom they had caught and killed "in the water as he attempted to swim off to his ship." Banks is also eloquent on the local Indians' distinctive canoes (their sides could be closed up for easier portage, unlike the Canadian ones), their dexterity with bow and arrows, and above all their "Pudding", a mess of eggs and deer's hair baked in the sun. Perhaps understandably, Banks



Beothuk Indians with their canoe, after a drawing by John Cartwright.

could not decide if his leg was being pulled when told this was a staple of their diet. He moves on more confidently to a detailed account of the differences between English and French methods of fishing, concluding (again, no surprise) that the English method was better, since they caught more fish and made more money at foreign markets thanks to superior ways of curing it.

Banks' last experience before leaving for home was attending the Governor's Ball in St. John's on Saturday, 25 October. The class-conscious Englishman was taken aback to find that his own washerwoman and her sister were invited along with the quality. But "what surprised me the most was that after dancing we were conducted to a really elegant supper set out with all kinds of wines and Italian liqueurs to the great emolument of the ladies who ate and drank to some purpose. Dancing, it seemed, agreed with them by its getting them such excellent stomachs."

Two days later, Captain James Cook himself appeared in the *Grenville*, in which he had spent the previous two years surveying Newfoundland and Labrador. The next day, Banks set sail in the *Niger*, advancing through bad storms around the Azores to Portugal where he spent a peevish few weeks (their style of horticulture in particular upset him) before his safe return to England in January 1767.

His *envoi* to North America may not sit well with Newfoundlanders: "For dirt and filth of all kinds, St. John's may in my opinion remain unrivalled, as it far exceeds any fishing town I ever saw in England ... containing two or three hundred houses and near as many fish flakes which in summer time must cause a stench scarce to be supported." Still, at least he does not descend to the low-level sophistries of supporters of slavery whose arguments included the claim that "the abolition of the trade would ruin the West Indies, destroy our Newfoundland fishery, which the slaves in the West Indies support by consuming that part of the fish which was fit for no other consumption." Samuel Johnson himself (Banks would be one of his pall-bearers in 1784, 36 years before his own death) supplements Voltaire's famous "*quelques arpents de neige*" by dismissing Canada as "a region of desolate sterility, cold, uncomfortable, uninviting, from which nothing but furs and fish are to be had." Fish fights and Canada-baiting were already ingrained Anglo-European traits. ◆

Barry Baldwin is Professor of Greek, Latin, & Ancient History, University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta.

Ramsay Cook

A Quebec Doctor and His Bishop

Science and Dogma Clash over Evolution

"Vis-à-vis Lamarck and Darwin, here in our province we are at the place where the Christian world was in the XIVth and XVth centuries, vis-à-vis Copernicus and Galileo."

— Albert Laurendeau,
La Vie: Considérations Biologiques (1911)

In January 1961, as the recently-elected Lesage Government was taking the first steps in what has come to be called the Quiet Revolution – the modernization of the Quebec state – André Laurendeau published an editorial deploring the continuing influence of outmoded scientific ideas among French Canadians. His comments were inspired by a recent speech in which Cardinal Paul-Émile Leger had expressed similar concerns signalling, in Laurendeau's view, a new openness "*nettement en avance sur plusieurs secteurs de notre milieu.*" ("clearly in advance of several sectors of our milieu.") In passing, Laurendeau paid hommage to an uncle who, he said, had suffered "*une solide condamnation épiscopale*" ("a firm episcopal condemnation") for having supported the theory that man had descended from the monkey.

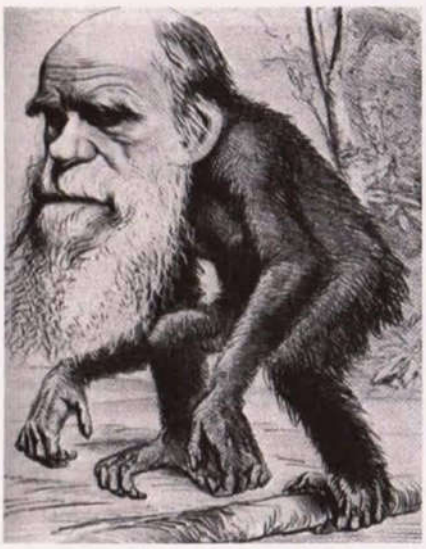
The editor of *Le Devoir* was no doubt surprised, a few days later, when he received a telephone call from Monseigneur Édouard Jetté, Bishop of Joliette, who pointed out that the Catholic Church's condemnation of Doctor Albert Laurendeau in 1912 had not mentioned "evolution" but rather had concentrated on "*les erreurs philosophiques et théologiques.*" ("philosophical and theological errors.") The younger Laurendeau reportedly replied by thanking the prelate, telling him that "*l'affaire singe*" ("the affair of the monkey") was a widely-believed family tradition. Given the fragility of André Laurendeau's own religious faith, he probably found the distinction a rather fine one. He certainly should have, if he knew anything more about his uncle's controversial career.

Albert Laurendeau: Separation of science and religion.

Albert was the son of Dr. J.-O. Laurendeau, a prominent citizen of St-Gabriel-de-Brandon, a village north-east of Joliette. Of five sons and two daughters, only Albert, born in 1857, followed his father's footsteps into the medical profession. The daughters married, while Fortunat entered the Jesuit order, J.-T.-R. became a financier, Clovis a furniture dealer, and Arthur a musician – *maître de chapelle de la cathédrale de Montréal.* Following his early schooling in St-Gabriel, Albert entered the École Normale Jacques Cartier in Montreal in 1872 and then graduated in 1879 from the École de Médecine et de Chirurgie de Montréal, also known as the Victoria Faculty of Medicine because of its affiliation with the Methodist university in Cobourg, Ontario. This somewhat unusual educational background – he attended

neither *collège classique* nor the French-speaking Catholic Université Laval – perhaps helps to account for Laurendeau's subsequent unorthodoxy in scientific and educational matters. In the same year as he graduated he married Georgiana Mérizzi, the daughter of a Napierville notary. Their only son, Aldéric, continued the family medical tradition in St-Gabriel. Of their three daughters, two married, one to Sir William Van Horne's private secretary, and the third remained at home.

Albert, who gradually took over his father's practice in St-Gabriel-de-Brandon, gained a reputation as a devoted, energetic practitioner with strong views about his profession's responsibilities, status, and need for reform. A public-spirited man, he served as mayor of his village between 1889 and 1892, but subsequently devoted himself to the politics of the medical profession. Following the first *Congrès des Médecins de Langue Française de l'Amérique du Nord* in Quebec City in 1902, Laurendeau led in the founding of the *Société Médicale du District de Joliette*, which became one of the most active associations in the province. He was the perennial secretary-treasurer of the Joliette association; from 1904 to 1920 he was an elected governor of the *Collège des Médecins et Chirurgiens de la Province de Québec*, becoming vice-president in 1918. As a member of the college's committee on legislation, he played a leading role in persuading the provincial legislature to enact the new Medical Act in 1909 which significantly increased the autonomy and jurisdiction of the college and standardized admissions, examinations, and curricula, though humanistic studies still weighed more heavily than scientific. The new law's goal, Laurendeau believed, was "*relever la qualité et abaisser la quantité des disciples d'Hypocrate dans notre province.*" ("raise the quality and lower the quantity of Hippocrates' disciples in our province.") Laurendeau, though a strong supporter of co-operation among the various provincial medical associations in Canada and an advocate of a federal Ministry of Health, insisted that the federal government respect the autonomy of the provincial medical associations in order that French-speaking doctors could "*garder intact notre langue, nos usages et coutumes, notre organisation nationale, nos droits en un mot.*" ("preserve intact our language, our usages and customs, our national organization, in a word, our rights.")



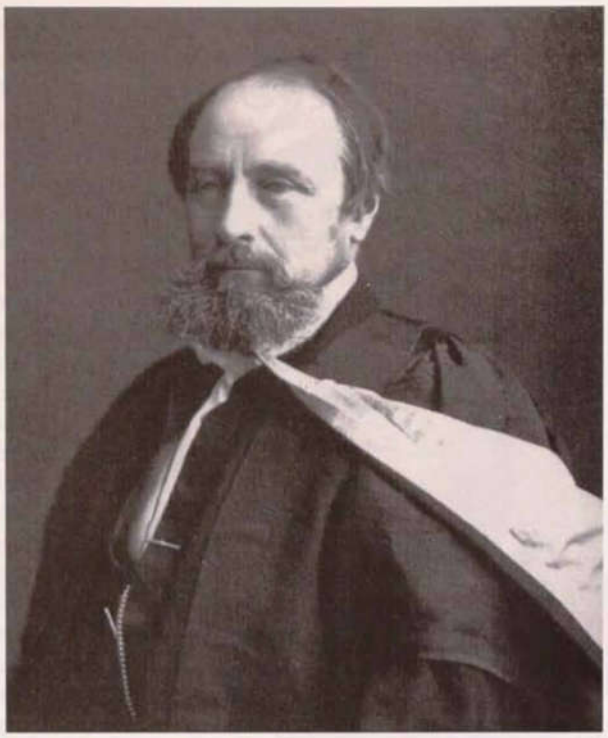
Simian science: Charles Darwin as seen by his detractors.

Laurendeau's determination to reform the medical profession, to professionalize it, included demands for stricter enforcement of medical ethics (*déontologie médicale*), the regulation of professional misconduct by the college, the exclusion of bonesetters and other non-professionals ("*charlatans*") from practice, and improved control of patent medicines. In order to raise the standards of medical practice and the status of Quebec doctors he believed that two general problems had to be addressed: overcrowding in the profession and inadequate "*formation morale, intellectuelle et scientifique.*" ("moral, intellectual and scientific preparation.") The first problem, he argued, was so severe that many doctors were forced to take on other work to supplement their incomes. In St-Gabriel-de- Brandon, he reported, "*deux se font une rude concurrence dans le commerce de pharmacie et moi-même pendant longtemps, j'ai tenu un comptoir d'escompte.*" ("two carry on a harsh competition in the pharmacy business and I for a long time have engaged in discount banking.") This Darwinian "struggle for life," as he called it, resulted from cut-throat competition, inadequate fees, and resulting low incomes. One solution, adopted by the Joliette Association in 1913, was a uniform fee schedule: home visit $1 to $2, simple fracture $5 to $10, appendectomy $40 to $60. Improved incomes were necessary because "the doctor must occupy an elevated position in the social hierarchy, and he cannot hold his position, common confidence, public respect, without having an adequate income."

Better incomes were only the first step. At least as important were educational reforms that would raise standards and lower the number of new medical graduates. The 1909 Medical Act had made a beginning in raising standards of certification. But more was needed. Quebec, Laurendeau contended, had too many *collèges classiques*, not enough technical, agricultural, industrial, and commercial colleges. The result was an excess of priests and members of the liberal professions in a society where "foreigners" increasingly dominated the economy. Worst of all was the lack of respect for science among French Canadians and that, too, resulted from an educational system that was unsuited to the needs of a modern people. The classical curriculum taught dead languages rather than live ones, Latin and Greek instead of English which, Laurendeau believed, "*pourrait être le levier de notre succès*" ("could be the lever of our success") though French would retain its prior place "*à cause de sa supériorité sur les autres idiomes.*" ("because of its superiority over other languages.")

And for those intending to become medical doctors, classical philosophy required replacement by a new one that "would teach our young people the general principles of the positive and natural sciences – founded uniquely on natural procedures and facts guided only by reason."

During the decade before the First World War, Laurendeau achieved a position of some prominence, even notoriety, in the Quebec medical profession through speeches to professional organizations and frequent contributions to such medical publications as *L'Union Médicale du Canada* and *La Clinique*. His association with the latter publication is especially interesting since it was founded by Dr. François-Xavier Le Moyne de Martigny, who, like his brother Adelstan, another medical man, was a leading member of the Freemasons, an organization which was closely watched by the clergy. Laurendeau was certainly acquainted with the founder of *La Clinique* since he had served with him on the committee of the Collège des Médecins et Chirurgiens concerned with reforming the province's Medical Act. Though Laurendeau seems never to have joined the Masons he often expressed views about science and education which were shared by members of the dreaded *loges*. In Quebec, in those years, association was often enough to suggest guilt.



Sir William Dawson: Darwinism rejected at McGill.

Laurendeau's views on the importance of science had developed over a number of years and were based on a substantial knowledge of the scientific and religious debate over evolutionary theory. In Quebec, where Sir William Dawson, the Presbyterian principal of McGill, and Abbé Léon Provancher and other Catholic scientists had firmly rejected Darwinism, Laurendeau was venturing onto dangerous ground. In March 1907 he informally addressed the Joliette Medical Association on the topic of biological evolution. Msgr. Joseph-Alfred Archambault, who had been appointed the first Bishop of Joliette in 1904, having already served as Vice-Rector of the Montreal branch of Laval University, demanded an immediate explanation including proof that Laurendeau submitted "*à l'autorité suprême et infaillible de l'Église.*" ("to the supreme and infallible authority of the Church.") The doctor replied that he had expounded "*le Darwinisme*" not as a dogma but only as a theory so widely accepted among biologists that educated men, especially medical doctors, should be familiar with it. He disclaimed any hostility to religion, denied that any conflict existed between God as Creator and modern science, and argued that these discussions should not be left to free-thinkers alone. Rather than withdrawing in the face of this formidable foe, Laurendeau decided to prepare a more formal presentation of his views and to invite the bishop to hear them at a public meeting where the cleric would have an opportunity to "*exposer les doctrines chrétiennes sur ces questions.*" ("set out Christian doctrine on these questions.")

In this speech, which the bishop did not attend, Laurendeau appealed to the authority of a number of European Catholic writers, including Msgr. J. Guibert in France and St. G. J. Mivart in Great Britain, who claimed that religion and evolution were not in conflict. Though Laurendeau's defence was moderate, another member of the association, Dr. Bartolet, took the podium to attack his colleague's "materialism". To this Laurendeau replied that "*l'homme, son origine et sa fin matérielles, sont strictement du domaine de la médecine.*" ("man, his origin and material ends, are strictly the domain of medicine.") The question of God's existence, and the immortality of the soul, belonged to a different order, one that was separate from science. Here was the essence of Laurendeau's position, one which to Bishop Archambault was the heresy of modernism: the separation of religion and science and, by implication, the existence of an autonomous, secular sphere of thought. "*L'humanité ne peut rien perdre, elle ne peut que gagner, au point de vue intellectuel et moral, par la diffusion de la science et de la vérité,*"

Bishop Archambault: A call for submission to Mother Church.

("Humanity can lose nothing, it can only gain, from the intellectual and moral viewpoint, by the spread of science and truth,") Laurendeau asserted. He hardly helped his case by citing Haeckel, Voltaire, Kant, Lacordaire – and attacking the Inquisition!

Msgr. Archambault had a different view of "*la vérité*." He invited the doctor to attend the cathedral on the following Sunday where the bishop "*en chaire*" ("from the pulpit") would explain the "errors of modernism" and once again demanded Laurendeau's submission. The doctor once more vigorously denied that his defence of evolution either contravened Catholic teaching – "*le catholicisme peut admirablement se concilier avec la vraie science*" ("Catholism can readily be reconciled with true science") – or that he adhered to any of the 65 propositions condemned by the Papacy. In matters of faith and morals he accepted the Church's infallibility while reaffirming the scientific truth of evolution.

The bishop demanded more; there could be no reservations. He insisted that his parishioner specifically accept six propositions: five declared God's precedence over material existence and the sixth stated that scientific truth could not contradict religious truth as proclaimed by the Church. There could be no separation of science and religion. When Laurendeau temporized, the bishop gave him eight days to choose between submission and condemnation. The full submission came in two days – though it was not abject. Surely, with Louis Agassiz and Jean Louis Armand de Quatrefages dead, no serious scientist could defend the fixity of species or the claim that the Earth was created in 4004 B.C. And he concluded: "Twice, publicly, I have repeated that the conflicts between science and faith come neither from science nor religion, but from scholars who interpret the facts badly, or from theologians who do not get inside the sense of the Scriptures." The bishop refused to be drawn into further argument. He accepted the submission with "*la joie dans l'âme*" ("joy in his soul") and declared "*l'incident est clos.*" ("the incident is closed.") The cleric would soon realize that he had been too sanguine.

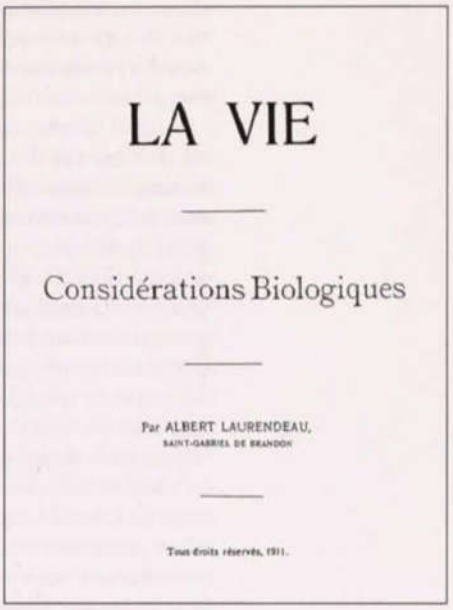
At Quebec in July 1908 Laurendeau took advantage of his position as president of the Third Section of the *Congrès des Médecins de la Langue Française* to restate in blunt terms his radical critique of the province's educational system, particularly the backwardness of scientific teaching which resulted in a conservative, even reactionary medical profession. He claimed that external control – Church control – of appointments to medical faculties detrimentally affected professional standards. The problem, he insisted, was philosophical: deductive idealism remained dominant over empirical investigation. "Philosophy must have as a basis reason founded on our sensations; otherwise we fall into metaphysics, mysticism, the transcendent, all things which repel the medical doctor who must study and treat man and his illnesses by natural procedures." True scientific reasoning, Laurendeau maintained, meant the rejection of natural law and, by implication, traditional Christian teaching about creation. "Belief in the fixity of species leads to intellectual inertia," he argued; "Faith in a human physical essence, different from the other animals, leads to man centredness; dogmas opposed to reason and anti-scientific." After some reflections on the need for better sanitary laws (he especially insisted on the inclusion of "religious temples" in the application of these laws), the need for careful isolation of tuberculosis patients, the prohibition of alcoholic beverages, and action against prostitution to prevent the spread of syphilis, he concluded with an affirmation of his faith in science as the only certain road to social and moral progress.

Laurendeau was proud to hold and express what he believed were "advanced" ideas. His colleagues did not share his satisfaction or his ideas. "The general sentiment of the assembly," *L'Union*

Médicale reported after the speech, "refused to allow him to finish the exposition of his work." Laurendeau, nevertheless, had the text of his speech printed and distributed. When this new statement of scientific naturalism came to the attention of Bishop Archambault in the autumn of 1910, he pronounced it "a scandal." He demanded a retraction or at least Laurendeau's agreement that the 1907 correspondence, including the doctor's submission to the authority of the Church, be published. Laurendeau first agreed to publication but then offered "a direct retraction" of anything that contradicted Catholic teachings. Once more the matter seemed closed, the troublesome doctor having returned to orthodoxy. Or so the bishop may have believed, or at least hoped.

In fact, it is likely that by the date of this second retraction in October of 1910 Laurendeau was already planning publication of *La Vie: Considérations Biologiques*, which appeared early in 1911. He must have known that this book, which included all the letters he had earlier exchanged with the bishop, and which carried neither a publisher's imprint nor an ecclesiastical imprimatur, would reopen and intensify the earlier controversy for it was going to "*briser des vieilles traditions, secouer d'antiques préjugés, et par-dessus tout, troubler la quiétude de la masse de la hiérarchie.*" ("break with the old traditions, shake off old prejudices, and above all, unsettle the calm of most of the hierarchy.") He pleaded for his work to be judged only by scientific, not religious standards, again insisting that science existed autonomously. He doubtless knew that this appeal was futile for he now intended to state frankly and explicitly his commitment to scientific naturalism, the view that life could be explained by a combination of Lamarckian and Darwinian evolution. Against what he called the puerile doctrine of creation taught in Quebec classical colleges, Laurendeau asserted that "truth resides in the evolution of Lamarck, Darwin and the host of scholars who have placed this doctrine on a solid foundation." Evolutionary theory or "*le transformisme*," ("transformism") the Lamarckian term often preferred by Laurendeau, applied equally to man and the rest of nature. How else could the differences between lower and higher races be explained, or the virtual disappearance of such peoples as the Huron, the Iroquois, and the Abenakis?

Though Laurendeau's reading on the subject of evolution was extensive and certainly included Lamarck's *Philosophie Zoologique* (1809), it is doubtful whether he had read Darwin's *Origin of the Species* (1859). If he had read it, he failed to grasp the essential difference between the French writer's contention that evolution was vertical, a response to environmental challenges and the inheritance of acquired characteristics, and the English naturalist's theory of branching evolution through natural selection. Laurendeau, like Lamarck and unlike Darwin, believed that evolution was progressive. The Quebec doctor's views were doubtless influenced by French neo-Lamarckians who for linguistic, ideological, and nationalist reasons insisted that Charles Darwin's work complemented rather than superseded the earlier evolutionary theories of Lamarck. Moreover, the forthright Laurendeau found Darwin's well-known caution unappealing.



Having set out his concept of evolution, the St-Gabriel controversialist turned to the practical implications of his views. Science, he maintained, held the key to the future, but French Canadians were being denied that key. "In the eighteenth century, a philosophical language was required, in the nineteenth century a poetic language, in the twentieth century a scientific language will be necessary." And scientific knowledge, by which Laurendeau meant evolution, was not necessary only to guarantee good science for it also explained the moral, intellectual, and social evolution which guaranteed that "the utopia of today will become the reality of tomorrow." No people were in greater need of a scientific outlook and culture than the French Canadians, whose future would be bleak unless their outmoded philosophy and values were set aside in favour of "the great laws of evolution."

Laurendeau had good reason to expect a quick response from Bishop Archambault for the churchman seemed to pay the closest attention to the doctor's every word. On 19 March 1912 the bishop issued a circular to his clergy condemning *La Vie* and prohibiting the faithful from reading it. Ten days later the same message was published in *L'Étoile du Nord*. In vigorous, unambiguous prose, the bishop struck back: "I have verified numerous errors in matters of Christian philosophy and Catholic theology; in addition, the gratuitous insults addressed to the hierarchy, to the French-Canadian clergy, the professors of our universities and colleges, the exaggerated eulogies

for materialist and atheistic scholars and philosophers, regrettable insinuations about miraculous cures, and the confidence of the faithful in the power of the intercession of the saints, an obvious misunderstanding of scholastic teaching, etc. Among the grave doctrinal errors, which the book *La Vie* contains, there are even several on the subject of human liberty, on the nature of our intelligence, the authority of the church in scientific matters, the relations of science and faith, the power of human reason to know the existence of God and the immortality of the soul; errors which have been formally condemned either by the Vatican Council, by the decree *Lamentabili* or by the encyclical *Pascendi*." No mention was made of the theory of evolution, for the bishop recognized that the issue was a more fundamental one: the primacy of religious authority.

Urged to recant, Laurendeau once again insisted that he was not hostile to religion, he claimed a conscientious right to express his views, and he stated his intention to continue to study these great questions, speaking publicly only if provoked. Finally, as in the past, he denied that science claimed any authority in matters of religious belief and teachings. "At the end of this declaration of principles," he concluded, "it belongs to you, *Monseigneur,* to decide if I can still take part in religious society, or if I must be definitively and forever excluded. Any other declaration would dishonour me in my own eyes; I believe I would commit an infamy in affirming what my conscience repudiates. I can affirm to you that my convictions are as profound and sincere as yours. You are now the judge and I render myself to you." The bishop was ready to judge: either Laurendeau submitted in writing or he faced denial of the sacraments, including a Christian burial in case of death.

The doctor held firm for nine months. There is no record of the discussion which he must have held with his family, including his Jesuit brother, or friends. The pressure must have been intense, his medical practice and livelihood perhaps jeopardized. On 4 March 1913 he visited the bishop and the following day surrendered. "I accept the teachings of the Catholic Church, I regret the errors that this book may contain; from the viewpoint of Christian doctrine, the errors no doubt arose from my insufficient religious instruction; also, desiring peace, having given to my activities a goal other than that of attaining the scientific heights – I have resolved no longer to write." He asked that the matter be quietly closed, expressing repugnance at the prospect of any publicity that would deny him "*la paix et la quiétude mentale*" ("peace and mental quietude"). Nevertheless, the following day the "Bulletin Religieux" in *L'Étoile du Nord* announced the doctor's "*soumission à l'autorité ecclésiastique,*" ("submission to ecclesiastical authority") and his retraction of all the doctrinal errors contained in *La Vie*. The bishop believed that this discreet public notice was a necessary part of the agreement. He congratulated his defeated opponent "*d'avoir, sous l'action de la grâce divine, accompli son devoir.*" ("for having, under divine grace, achieved his duty.")

Once again the incident was closed, the faithful people of Joliette safe from scientific naturalism, the doctor silenced. Laurendeau returned to his normal routine, visiting his patients, teaching hygiene in the local schools, advocating temperance, and being continuously re-elected to office in the medical associations. Obviously he was again accepted by those who admired his energy and intelligence even when they disagreed with his radical scientific views. Some of his time and energy was devoted to business interests, including a wood fibre plant and a potash venture which failed during the war years. He was apparently successful in developing and patenting at least one improved surgical instrument. Doubtless, too, he took notice of the unexpected death of Msgr. Archambault in April 1913, only two years after their last confrontation.

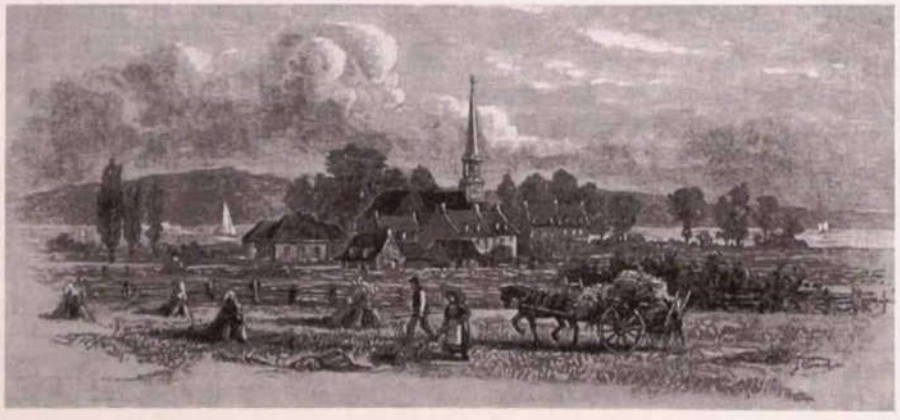
During these less eventful years Laurendeau continued to think about his evolutionary convictions and his humiliation by the Church. Once the bishop was gone, perhaps he looked for an appropriate opportunity to raise the old questions again. Late in 1918 the occasion arrived almost by accident, when he was invited to join the editorial board of the medical journal, *La Clinique*, another sign of the continuing esteem in which he was held by his colleagues. But if he was thought to have mellowed, it was a misjudgement. He declined the invitation saying, half jokingly perhaps, that he was born in the woods and remained uncivilized. "*Bref, je pourrais être un trouble-fête, comme je l'ai été déjà,*" ("In brief, I could be a trouble maker, as I have already been.") he wrote, repeating, summarily, his evolutionary views. The following month he expanded on his beliefs, pointing out that he had been misrepresented by the journal's editor. On the very day that the armistice was achieved in Europe, 11 November 1918, Laurendeau fired a new intellectual rocket in an explanation of his condemned book, *La Vie*. Clearly unrepentant, he claimed that he had been threatened with excommunication without being allowed to explain himself. Now he wanted to state again his continuing belief in the theory of evolution and to insist that without freedom of thought genuine science would never flourish in Quebec's universities.

The time had arrived to appoint free-thinkers, Protestants, and Jews, as well as Catholics, to university posts and to allow them autonomy in their teaching. His liberalism, if anything, had strengthened: "*Quelle leçon de tolérance ce serait de cette tolérance, mère de la concorde et du progrès.*" ("What lesson in tolerance it would be – this tolerance, mother of concord and progress.") A brief controversy followed, just enough to cause the exasperated rural doctor to repeat another long-held belief that, in Quebec, "*nous en sommes encore à l'âge médiéval.*" ("we are still in the medieval age.")

Now in his early sixties Laurendeau continued his heavy schedule of medical practice, medical politics, and writing. At the end of the First World War, Joliette, like many other parts of Canada, was struck by an influenza epidemic. Laurendeau worked harder than ever and, as in the past, he reported on his sometimes innovative treatments to his colleagues. He cared for about 500 cases, 300 in St-Gabriel alone. Only a dozen died. He was rightfully proud of his achievement. Perhaps it was overwork or the result of a life of action, controversy, and tension that contributed to his sudden death from heart failure on 19 August 1920. The previous week had, as usual, been filled with professional meetings. Then, returning from visiting a patient in the neighbouring parish of Saint-Cléophas, he died at the wheel of his automobile near his office in St-Gabriel-de Brandon. On 23 August the funeral mass, held in his parish church, was sung by his brother Fortunat. His would not be the fate of Joseph Guibord, a-mouldering in a deconsecrated grave.

Summing up the tumultuous life of this remarkable country doctor, his colleague Dr. Joseph Gauvreau struck the right note when he wrote that Laurendeau's "*originalité consistait surtout à n'être pas souvent de l'avis de tout de monde.*" (originality consisted in not often being of the opinion held by everyone else.") For that reason his life provides several insights into the career of a country doctor and into the professionalization of medical practice in Quebec. In the latter field Laurendeau was a leader who attracted powerful, though not unanimous, support. More significantly, perhaps, Laurendeau's life reveals something about the state of scientific and religious values in Quebec culture in the early twentieth century. Here he found only a few to join in his crusade in favour of scientific progressivism. The conflict between Dr. Laurendeau and Msgr. Archambault demonstrated the Church's determination to protect its flock against the errors of modernism of which the most important was the idea that science existed separate from religion. The initial victory went to the bishop, but by the end of the First World War Laurendeau's ideas were apparently tolerated, or at least ignored. Beneath the apparent calm of rural Quebec new ideas and influences were at work that would slowly and profoundly change that society. That was what Dr. Albert Laurendeau hoped for. "It is not a revolution that I preach," he wrote in one of his last polemics, "it is the evolution of our great French-Canadian institution [Université Laval] in its own interest and in the interest of our race." The pace of evolutionary change, he fully realized, could be glacial. ◆

Ramsay Cook is General Editor of the "Dictionary of Canadian Biography". He writes: "Father François Lanoue generously provided me with copies of documents in the Archives de l'Évêché de Joliette relating to the conflict between Bishop Archambault and Dr. Albert Laurendeau. I am greatly indebted to him and to Xavier Gélinas, who carried out indispensable research for me in Quebec medical journals. Jean Hamelin and Yvan Lamonde carefully read and commented on an earlier version of this study." (Translations by the author.)



Leslie McFarlane: The Canadian Writer Who Was Franklin W. Dixon

BY SHANE PEACOCK

Frank leaped directly at the smuggler

Leslie McFarlane's young son knew him to be an erudite man, at home with Shakespeare and Dickens. So when he wandered into his father's study one day, he was surprised to spot a long row of Hardy Boys adventures amongst the giants on the bookshelf.

"Why do you keep these books, Dad? Did you read them when you were a kid?"

"Read them?" came the distracted reply, "I wrote them."

Brian McFarlane would become a best-selling author and witness many memorable moments from his "Hockey Night in Canada" broadcasting chair in the gondola at Maple Leaf Gardens, but it is doubtful that any gave him quite the jolt he felt that day in the family home in Whitby, Ontario. Every boy in his schoolyard and just about every boy he had ever met had not only read the escapades of Frank and Joe of Bayport on Barmet Bay, but would have given their eye teeth to be in the presence of their esteemed author, Franklin W. Dixon. His father might just as well have told him that he was Santa Claus.

Leslie McFarlane had long ago sworn never to reveal that he was the legendary Dixon. That fact and his lack of interest, or pride, in a series of juvenile mystery stories he had churned out for a pittance led him to keep this secret from even his children. He had never re-read a Hardy Boys book, and as each one arrived in the mail, from 1927 to this day in the early '40s, fresh off the press with stirring colour dust covers of Frank and Joe or their world-famous-detective father Fenton Hardy or irascible Aunt Gertrude or good-natured fatso Chet Morton, caught in precarious circumstances at an old mill or deep in a dark cave, he simply set them on his bookshelf and let them be. He never looked for them in stores or gave much thought to sales figures. He went on with more respectable work. His accomplishments as a novelist, short-story writer, and film-maker were growing. But "the open-mouthed respect" he saw in his son's face that day stirred his curiosity.

"Other kids read them?" he asked.

"Dad, where have you been? Everybody reads them."

Shortly thereafter McFarlane found himself looking for the Hardy Boys in bookstores. They were everywhere. One day he asked how they sold.

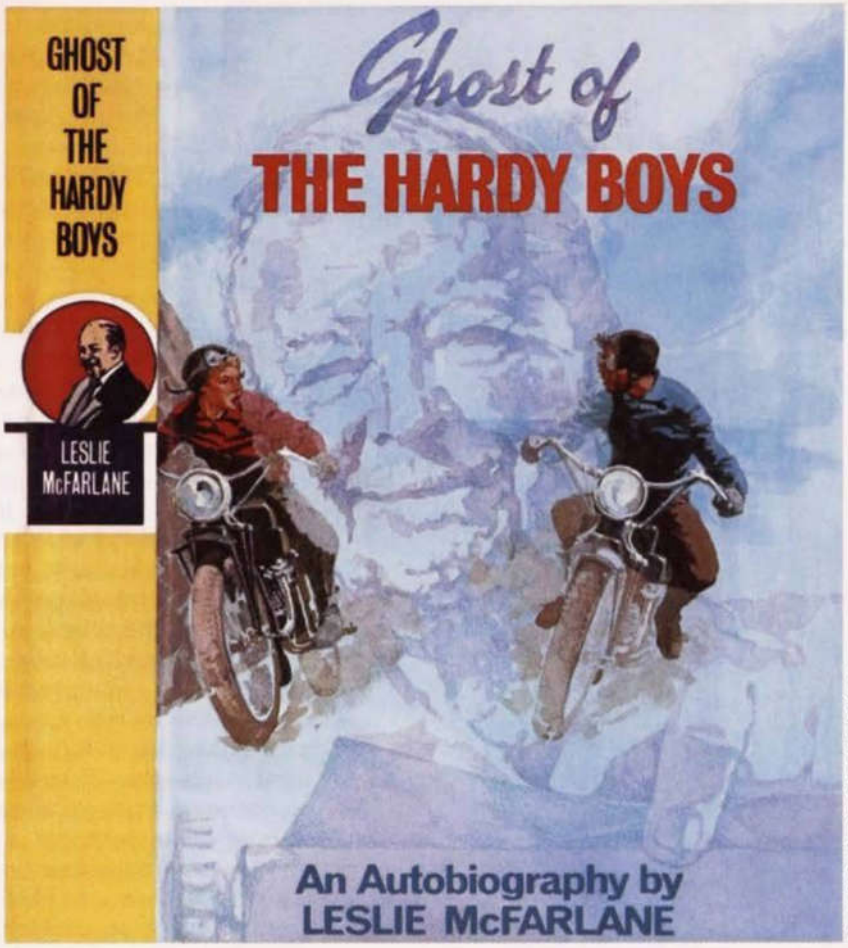
"Most popular boys' books we carry," replied the clerk, unaware to whom he was speaking, "Matter of fact, they're supposed to be the best-selling boys' books in the world."

"Most popular boys' books we carry," replied the clerk, unaware to whom he was speaking, "Matter of fact, they're supposed to be the best-selling boys' books in the world."

In the 1960s he would learn that his books had sold more than 12 million copies. By the early '70s all Hardy Boys adventures had sold 26 million, and today the figure has passed 50 million. His average pay for each story was $125.

Missing out on millions of dollars in royalties seems like incredible folly on McFarlane's part or some sort of dastardly deception on the part of his publisher, but neither is entirely true.

The Hardy Boys were conceived by an enormous American juvenile-novelmaking machine called the Stratemeyer Syndicate, and McFarlane's fateful introduction to this monster occurred in 1926. He was 23 years old, a five-foot three-inch, 105-pound man with heavyweight ambitions as a writer and flyweight speed at a typewriter. He could create an adventure story, or a newspaper column about city hall or the local dog catcher, in the wink of an eye. A reporter since age 17 and published short-story writer since the previous summer, he was, in his words, "healthy and footloose, free to latch onto any opportunity." Thus he had wandered south of the border in search of adventure; a quick mind and a way with words for hire. When he landed in Springfield, Massachusetts, he had a grand total of 25 cents in his pocket. Soon he was covering the hotel beat for the *Republican* and soon after that Stratemeyer, and inevitably the immortal Hardy Boys, entered his life. They appeared in the form of a brief advertisement in the trade journal *Editor and Publisher*.



Cover design by Alan Daniel for Methuen

"Experienced Fiction Writer Wanted to Work from Publisher's Outlines," it read. McFarlane thought that odd: an ad for a fiction writer. He dreamed of being a novelist, and so, almost as a lark, tossed off a reply to Stratemeyer's address in East Orange, New Jersey.

Three weeks later a letter arrived at the *Republican*, informing him that he was to be given an opportunity to write boys' adventure novels, under a pseudonym. An accompanying package contained two volumes: *Nat Ridley at the Magnet Mine* by Nat Ridley, Jr. and *Dave Fearless among the Icebergs* by Roy Rockwood. He was to choose one and write two chapters for a follow-up book using the enclosed outline. If his work was deemed satisfactory he would be sent an entire outline and asked to write the whole novel. The letter was signed by Edward L. Stratemeyer.

Leslie McFarlane knew nothing of this legendary man. And neither do many of us to this day, though during our childhood he quite likely influenced us. In 1926 he was just four years from death, at the end of a long and awesomely prolific career. Born in 1862, he started out writing adventure stories for magazines and by the 1890s was editor of a popular boys' weekly produced by the huge Street and Smith publishing house. They were known for their "dime novels", and their most famous author was Horatio Alger.

Alger has been called the best-selling author in American history. His stories about poor newspaper boys and bootblacks living rags-to-riches lives through industry and Christian conduct have sold in the hundreds of millions. They are veritable Americana. After his death in 1899 Street and Smith asked Stratemeyer to complete some of his unfinished books and

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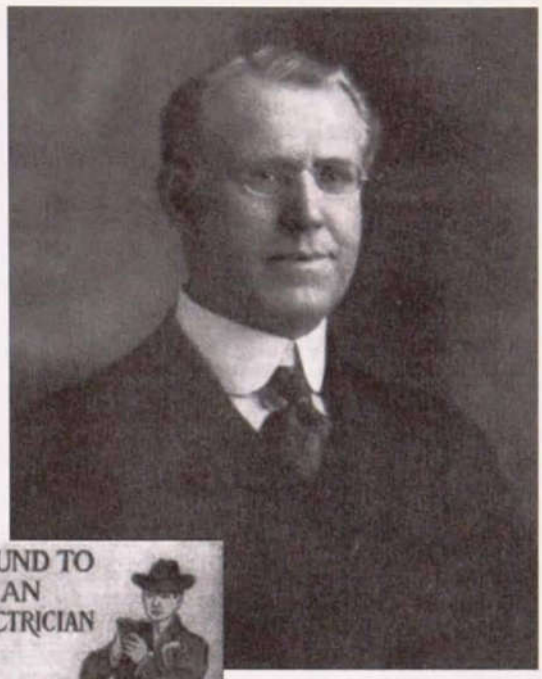

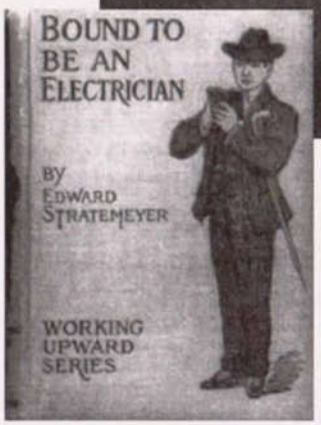

Edward L. Stratemeyer: Forming the literary tastes of generations of North American lads.

create a few new ones. One bore the intriguing subtitle "Frank Hardy's Road to Success".

But Stratemeyer gained more than a character's name from Horatio Alger. At the turn of the century he began writing solely juvenile novels, embarking with gusto on a series called "The Rover Boys", and following it with "The Motor Boys". His improvements on Alger were to use several young heroes rather than one, put them into thrilling predicaments which they solved without parental supervision, and then use the same boys (or girls) in book after book. He also noted that Alger's estate realized big returns on the books he had ghost-written.

In 1906 he created the Stratemeyer Syndicate and started manufacturing juvenile books at a tremendous rate, almost exclusively in series form. Before long the Rovers and the Motor Boys were joined by "Tom Swift, The Boy Inventor", "Bomba the Jungle Boy", and many others, including Nat Ridley and Dave Fearless. Though he continued to write prolifically, he began acquiring ghost-writers, always maintaining ownership of his story outlines, the characters he created, and the completed books. Writers were given pseudonyms and paid a flat fee.

The commercial success of his endeavour and its popularity with young readers was mind-boggling. It created well over a thousand book titles, including approximately 60 series; sales in the 1990s stand at more than 200 million copies and growing; at the time of his death his Syndicate produced about 80% of all juvenile novels.

In his little apartment in Springfield in the spring of 1926, McFarlane read the two Stratemeyer books and pronounced them "Garbage ... [with] less content than a football bladder and no more style than a drunken camel." But a writer couldn't afford to sneer at a job that paid, and besides, the very existence of these books encouraged children to read. So he chose the least offensive of the two and shortly thereafter was in print as Roy Rockwood, author of the adventures of Dave Fearless, deep-sea diving sleuth. Most importantly, a cheque for $100 was in the mail, as was a promise of employment into the foreseeable future.

McFarlane immediately gave notice at the *Republican* and fled to a cottage on Ramsey Lake near Sudbury, Ontario, where he could pound out *Fearless* novels and commence what he hoped would be his real vocation, writing serious adult fiction. Before the year was out he had rushed young Dave and his inseparable chum Bob Vilett through seven hair-raising adventures, often pursued by the evil Lem and Bart Hankers, in oceans, near the South Pole, and on Malaysian pirate ships. But despite his obvious skill at his job and Stratemeyer's satisfaction with his work, the Dave Fearless series never became a huge seller. Then, early in 1927, another letter came from New Jersey. Stratemeyer wanted McFarlane to try his hand at a new series about two brothers, sons of a world-famous detective, who solve crimes while their father is otherwise occupied. It was to be called "The Hardy Boys".

Northern Ontario was a fitting place for McFarlane to write the first few books in a series that would be his claim to fame. Though he had been born in 1902 in Carleton Place west of Ottawa, he came to the North at age eight, spent his formative years there and always held it dear to his heart.

"Haileybury," he once remarked "will always be my home town." It was to this booming little spot on a hillside overlooking Lake Temiskaming that the McFarlanes came in 1910, so Leslie's father could take up a position as principal of the local public school. Though many Canadians don't think of their backwoods towns as romantic places, Haileybury was a perfect

breeding ground for an adventure-story writer. Despite its "plank sidewalks and a lot of mud," it was a beautiful place, spanking new, the result of recent silver discoveries in nearby Cobalt; and full of characters, fortune-seekers and intrigue. Rogues and heroes frequented its many bars.

The McFarlane home, ruled by a schoolteacher, was perhaps a slightly more learned place than many in town. It had a piano, stereoscopes to light young Leslie's imagination and a voluminous library. Most prized among its contents was the complete Dickens, which young Leslie read voraciously, perhaps beginning his taste for strong narratives. But less high-brow stories also intrigued him, like those told on the silent screens of the town's bowling alley-*cum*-movie theatre, vivid adventure tales in the *Saturday Evening Post* and of course, the manly triumphs of Horatio Alger's heroes.

He won a short-story contest in high school and in his early teens convinced an editor he could write brief pieces for the local paper. When he completed school in 1919 he took the five-mile streetcar ride to Cobalt and became a reporter for the *Nugget*. Shortly thereafter he found employment with the *Sudbury Star* doing everything from hockey summaries to murder trials. In 1922 he had the horrific job of covering the fire which destroyed his home town, describing its devastation while still unaware of his family's fate (they were spared). The breathless, heartrending lead of his front-page article bears little resemblance to anything Franklin W. Dixon ever penned:

"A leering tornado of flame from the southwest roared down through a half-mile of underbrush upon the town of Haileybury basking sleepily in the September sunlight on the shore of Lake Temiskaming early Wednesday afternoon, ate its way across the railway tracks and then, fanned by a 60-mile-an-hour gale, ripped its way through the town to the water's edge, scattering the town's 4,000 inhabitants before its terrific blast, veered to the south, leveled the town to the ground, ... and subsided only when a heavy rainstorm quenched the terror." The death toll was high and the town had to be completely rebuilt.

In addition to newspaper work, his adventure stories, often about dramatic occurrences in the North, were beginning to get published in magazines. So the young man who sat down to write the first Hardy Boys book in Sudbury in his twenty-fifth year already had a good deal of mileage under his belt.

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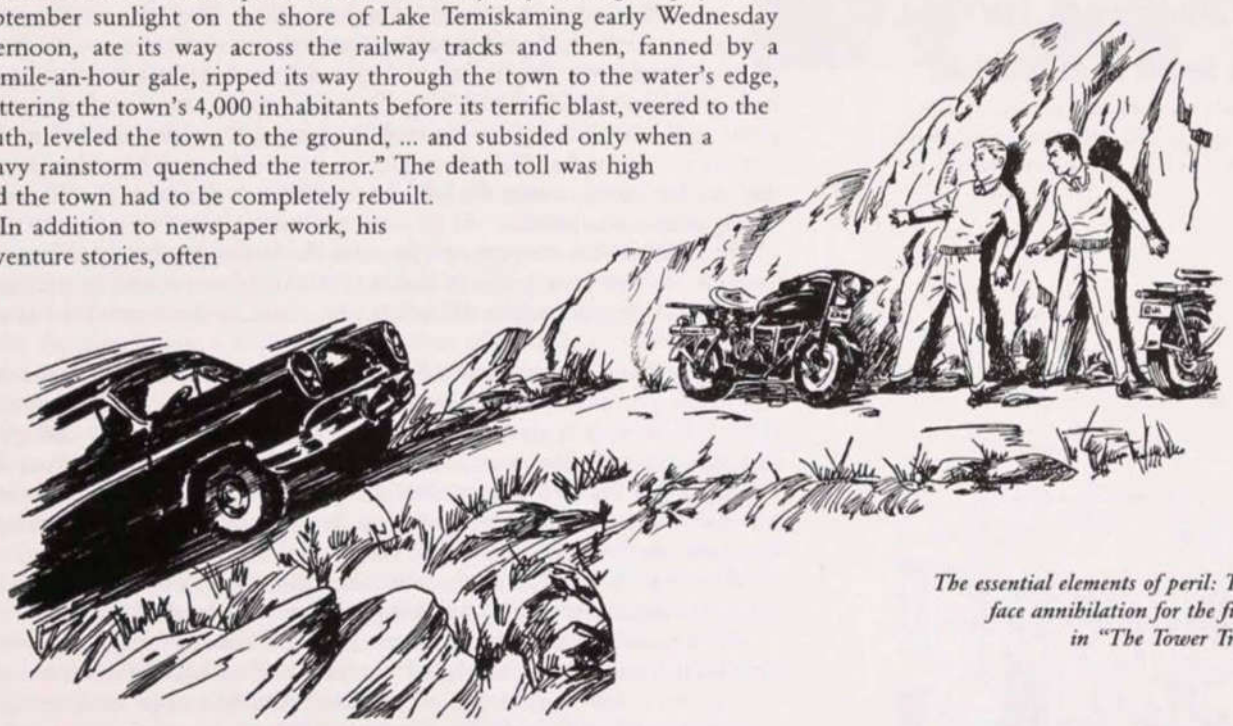

The essential elements of peril: The boys face annihilation for the first time in "The Tower Treasure".

He banged out *The Tower Treasure* in a matter of weeks, occasionally getting through chapters dominated by dialogue in half an hour, though others took a little longer. The story concerned a theft from a mansion. Frank and Joe, brothers in their early high school years, because involved when their friend Chet Morton's "roadster" was stolen by the villain. In 214 pages of forthright action they solved the crime, with only minimal help from their

Haileybury as the young McFarlane knew it: "Haileybury will always be my home town."

Stratemeyer knew he had a winner right away. Immediately upon receiving "The Tower Treasure" he sent along the outlines for "The House on the Cliff" and "The Secret of the Old Mill".

"world-famous detective" father and even less from their perpetually sandwich-making mother Laura and girlfriends Iola Morton and Callie Shaw.

Though McFarlane was often disdainful of his work as Franklin W. Dixon, his memoirs betray an ambivalence. "It seemed to me that the Hardy Boys deserved something better than the slapdash treatment Dave Fearless had been getting ... did the new series have to be all that hack? There was, after all, the chance to contribute a little style, occasional words of more than two syllables, maybe a little sensory stimuli. ... They were written swiftly, but not carelessly. I gave thought to grammar, sentence structure, choice of words, pace, the techniques of suspense." In these statements he may have identified why the Hardy Boys have become immortal and why critics point to the books he ghost-wrote as the best of the series. McFarlane was not the greatest writer Canada produced, but neither was he a slouch, and the way his books riveted the (albeit unsophisticated) minds of millions of young people was proof.

He followed the chapter outlines and the basic character sketches that Stratemeyer sent him, but kept making little changes, expanding on things that weren't emphasized in the instructions, making the tone of the stories his own.

In the opening sequence of *The Tower Treasure*, he was forced by the outline to introduce the Hardy Boys speeding along a road in a silly discussion about following in their father's detective footsteps. "The whole passage of dialogue, improbably conducted over the racket of two motorcycles, depressed me. I put an end to it as quickly as possible." But then he showed his stuff. He concocted a steep cliff on one side of the road and a dangerous drop on the other, and then brought on a crazed driver bearing down on them from behind. As McFarlane said, "the situation now contained the essential elements of peril," and young readers were hooked.

While pushing the book's simplistic narrative forward, he threw in words like "ostensible", "abstraction" and "essayed" and un-hack-like phrases such as "vanishing into a common perspective." On one page Shakespeare is mentioned and on another *The Merchant of Venice*.

He also inserted humour, some that even parodied the story itself and went over the heads of his readers, and perhaps his publisher ("Solved any mysteries lately?" asks Mrs. Hardy at one point. "A bomb!" says another character, "Surely not in Bayport?"); and even made fun of authority figures, witness the Bayport police in their role as Keystone Kops. There was always food too, and not just the tonnage that entered Chet Morton's mouth. Often the Hardys sat down to great banquets when cases were concluded. McFarlane enjoyed reading about food when he was a child so he provided all-you-can-eat for his appreciative readers.

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The farmer and his wife were bound and gagged

ing *The Tower Treasure* he sent along the outlines for *The House on the Cliff* and *The Secret of the Old Mill*. This was in line with his policy of beginning series with three "breeder" books to test readers' response. His only criticism was about Bayport's finest: he expressed concern that McFarlane was making fun of authority figures. Thus the lawmen with the ridicule-inviting names of Smuff and Collig became less ridiculous in subsequent tales.

For a short while McFarlane moved back to Haileybury, rented an office and spun more Hardy Boys tales. In *The Missing Chums* he latched onto Stratemeyer's instructions for a maiden aunt and created the comic character of tough-on-the-outside and sweet-on-the-inside Aunt Gertrude. She would become a staple of all Hardy Boys books and a favourite of readers, perhaps the only persona in the series in whom Franklin W. Dixon genuinely took pride. A few volumes and a year or so later, McFarlane married hometown girl Amy Arnold and moved to Montreal. Informed of the marriage, Stratemeyer sent him $25.

While he continued to write the Hardys series, and even saw his salary raised to $150 an adventure, other stories were getting published in better magazines. But things didn't always go smoothly. Once, low on cash and away from home, he borrowed an office and typewriter from a friend and wrote the Hardys *The Secret of the Caves*, all 50,000 words of it, in five days.

An adult novel, *Streets of Shadow*, a murder mystery set in Montreal, was serialized in a magazine, printed by a good publisher and sold well, though he accurately described it as "horrendous". Success with this sort of thing tempted him to cut the Hardys adrift and he was apparently on the verge of doing so when the stock market crashed in 1929.

Collection of Brian McFarlane

The young Leslie McFarlane. Years later, after his death, the "Toronto Star" called him Canada's best-selling author of all time.

The '30s were tough for writers and McFarlane was no exception. His diary records a walk with Brian cut short by the toddler's only shoes wearing out. He continued with the Hardys, glad to get even reduced fees, which once dipped to a mere $85. In the mid-1930s he ghost-wrote several volumes of another Syndicate series about the Dana Girls, distaff Hardy Boys, under the pseudonym Carolyn Keene, author of the monster-selling Nancy Drew series. Despite such assignments, his reputation as a good story teller grew and by 1937 he was story editor at *Maclean's* magazine.

By the start of the war he had moved on to writing plays for CBC radio and in 1943 at the invitation of John Grierson began working at the National Film Board, where he would both write and direct. His script for *Herring Hunt*, a documentary short, was nominated for an Oscar and a feature he wrote entitled *Royal Journey* won a British Film Academy award. In 1953 he became chief editor for television drama at the CBC, and for a short while in the late '60s he was in Hollywood, creating scripts for the TV series "Bonanza". By the '70s he had returned to writing novels, one a juvenile book entitled *McGonigle Scores!* which legendary sportswriter Ted Reeve called the best hockey book ever written.

The Hardy Boys fell by the wayside in the mid-1940s, his last episode reputedly *The Phantom Freighter* which appeared in 1947. By then other ghost writers were lining up to become Franklin W. Dixon.

Edward Stratemeyer and his star ghost-writer never met or even spoke on the telephone. When the old man died in 1930, McFarlane was informed in a short letter from the Syndicate: daughters Harriet and Edna were to carry on in their father's place. McFarlane was bequeathed a sum equal to one-fifth of the total fees he had been paid, a largesse likely less than $400.

McFarlane himself died in 1977, a year after he officially blew the whistle on Franklin W. Dixon in his witty, iconoclastic memoirs, *The Ghost of the Hardy Boys*. His first wife had died in 1955 and he had married again. He

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McFarlane learned of what had been done to his books not long before his death. His response betrayed his ambivalence about the Hardy Boys. "Even a ghost has feelings," he said, looking at the gutted books, shown to him by a reporter.

was living in Whitby, fielding calls and wide-eyed entreaties from Hardy Boys fans from around the world, and putting off journalists who from time to time wrote earnest pieces about him, trying to get him to say how much he regretted not making a healthy chunk of the Boys' fortune. At the time of his death he was still writing. In all he produced 45 books, countless short stories, and dozens of documentaries, films and radio and TV plays.

His entire take for the Hardy Boys was less than $4,000, a pitiably tiny portion of the fortune he had been instrumental in creating. But he was the sort of man who insisted that a deal was a deal – he knew exactly what he was signing when he made his agreement with Stratemeyer. He had needed the money and no one could have predicted the books' extraordinary success. In later years he occasionally joked about it (quipping that the "W." in Dixon's name certainly didn't stand for "Wealthy"), but one senses, between the lines of his recollections, a certain sadness and regret.

In the late '60s and early '70s a rock 'n' roll Hardy Boys cartoon, detested by McFarlane, appeared on ABC-TV; in the late '70s Shaun Cassidy and Parker Stevenson rose to teeny-bopper stardom on the same network's prime-time Hardys' serial and in 1995 another TV series was produced and is now in syndication. McFarlane and his estate received no residuals. In the late 1950s, he had signed away the rights to all movie and TV profits. This may not seem so incredible when it is known that he agreed to the contract while in bereavement following the death of his first wife. He took no pride in any association with the Hardy Boys anyway. After all, this was a man who sought to write the great Canadian novel, who once shared a national short story award with Mazo de la Roche, taught university-level creative writing courses, and whose advice to his granddaughter about becoming a writer was to "read Joyce's *Ulysses*". He and his "Hardy Brats" had a difficult relationship. "He took no joy in writing them," remembers Brian.

What has happened to them recently would not make him any more joyful. If you drop into your neighbourhood bookstore the long rows of Hardys that will inevitably dominate an entire shelf bear little resemblance to those that McFarlane wrote, inside or out.

He produced anywhere from 17 to 22 adventures, all in the first 26 numbers of the series. His and all other Hardy Boys books published until 1959 were hardcovers enclosed in beautiful colour dust jackets. But beginning the following year with *The Mystery of the Chinese Junk*, and through all subsequent issues to *The Sting of the Scorpion* (the 58th adventure, published in 1979), the books appeared in uncovered blue-spined hardbacks; but something else, almost sinister one might say, also began in 1959. Numbers one and two appeared again, but they were no longer real McFarlanes. They had been re-written: shortened, modernized, made more politically correct and set to a faster pace, with the boys seldom pausing to give much thought to anything. From that year until 1971, with the appearance of *The Flickering Torch Mystery*, all of McFarlane's books were re-written.

The Stratemeyers published the Hardy Boys with Grosset & Dunlap. But in 1980 Simon & Schuster purchased the Syndicate and since that day all new stories have been published by them, solely in paperback. Today "The Hardy Boys Mystery Series" has passed number 140 and another line for slightly older readers called "The Casefiles," featuring even faster-paced, more violent books, with titles like *Blood Sport* and *Deathgame*, are past the 120 mark and rising. Frank, now 22, and Joe, 20, would hardly be recognizable to previous generations.

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But all is not lost. Applewood Books, a publisher in Massachusetts, operated by Hardy Boys afficionado Phil Zuckerman, has in the past few years

begun publishing the originals, using faithful reproductions of the original dust jackets. With the recent appearance of *Hunting for Hidden Gold*, the first five numbers are now in print. Zuckerman, who has made the same noble effort with the Nancy Drew series, says they are selling well.

The originals are a joy to read. And it seems that anyone with a brain in their head can read a phrase like "you've been pretty white to me" in *The Tower Treasure* and put it into proper perspective, or not grow livid with anger over Laura Hardy's secondary role in the family, or God forbid, wait while the plot unfolds at less than breakneck speed. To reject the charming contents of these classic boys' adventures on the basis of uneasiness about antiquated stereotypes is to throw out the baby with the bathwater. The Hardy Boys, warts and all, and lowbrow, are a part of the history of our popular culture. To change them is to try to re-write history.

Pocket Books' offices in New York, the wing of Simon and Schuster that now sends Frank and Joe out to the world, are pleasant enough with information about their Hardy Boys line, though they sigh a little at the mention of McFarlane's name, as if it is a tired old story. Little do they know that without his expert hand, their books could well have been stillborn exactly 70 years ago. The anniversary will not be marked, though a *Hardy Boys' Notebooks*, for readers aged eight to ten, is on the planning board. Each new book continues to sell well, millions keep going into print, and there is no sign of them letting up.

Leslie McFarlane was a talented writer with a long list of versatile accomplishments. He deserves to be remembered for more than the Hardy Boys. Reading his other work, one can't help but be struck by his ability, hard-earned as a journalist, to tell a story clearly and to the point, a skill preached religiously in his time by the likes of Ernest Hemingway; his wit, his iconoclasm and his wonderful imagination are also evident. Above everything else, adventure was his game. "His mind was geared for these fantasies, it was always clicking away: he had a wonderful gift for putting words on paper," recalls Brian with admiration.

In *McGonigle Scores!*, a wonderful kids' hockey book with a flawed comic hero, he tells of the beginning of a match in a packed little arena in northern Ontario many years ago:

"A recorded version of God Save the Queen blared ponderously from an amplifier as an assurance of Snowshoe Lake's devotion (not unanimous) to the British connection. It was hastily followed by an equally ponderous rendition of O Canada as an assurance of kindly feelings (also not unanimous) towards the Province of Quebec. The ritual concluded, the anthems having fortified a sense of national unity by cancelling each other out, the hockey fans cut loose with a great cheer of honest relief and settled down to enjoy themselves."

Countless Canadian boys and girls of the last three generations have had similar experiences: studying great and ponderous books in classrooms, before going home, and in honest relief, settling down to enjoy themselves with the latest adventure of the Hardy Boys. There is no shame in writing books that give such pleasure. In fact, it is an accomplishment worth a fortune. ◆

Shane Peacock, writing under the name Shane Peacock, is author of "The Great Farini", published in paperback by Penguin Books.

Collection of Brian McFarlane

Father and real son: Leslie McFarlane and his son Brian, a sports commentator and author.

Further Reading:

Reprints of the original editions of the first five books in the Hardy Boys series, and the first nine in the Nancy Drew series, are available at some bookstores, or from the publisher, Applewood Books, 128 The Great Road, Bedford, MA, 01730, U.S.A. Telephone (617) 271-0055.

Ghost of the Hardy Boys: An Autobiography by Leslie McFarlane. Methuen Publications, Toronto, New York, 1976.

The Secret of the Stratemeyer Syndicate: Nancy Drew, The Hardy Boys and the Million-Dollar Fiction Factory. By Carol Billman. The Ungar Publishing Company, New York, 1986.

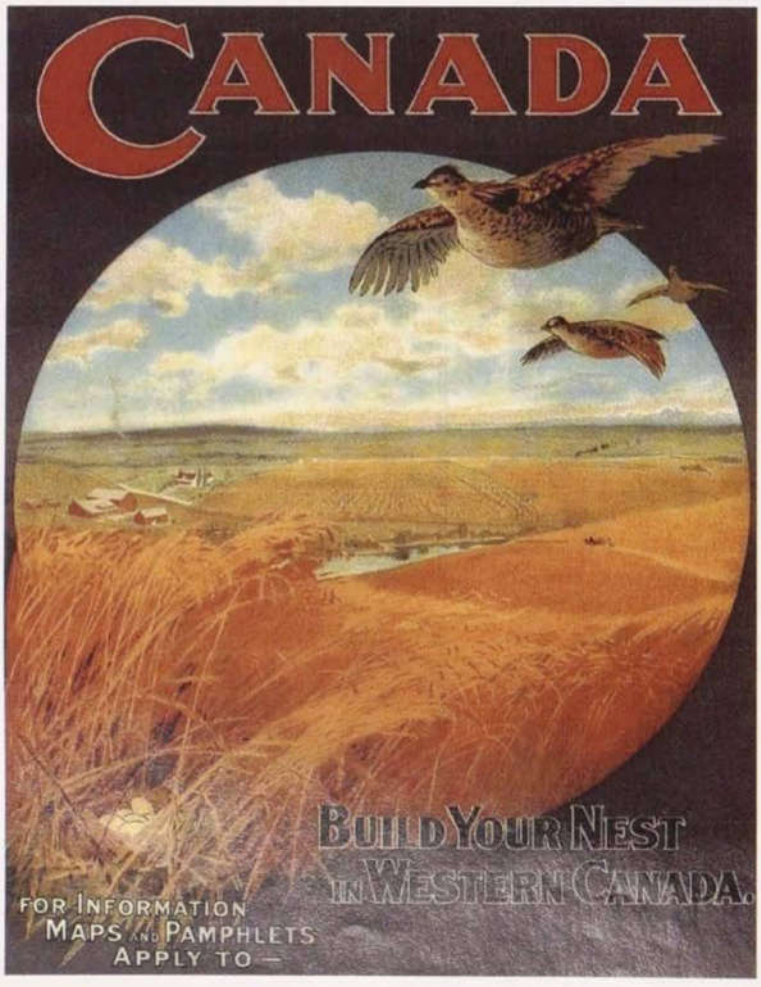
Tom Swift and Company: "Boys' Books" by Stratemeyer and Others. By John T. Dizer, Jr., McFarland and Company Inc., Jefferson, N.C., 1982.

Helping Hands in the West

For Canadian Railways, Successful Farms were Good for Business

By Ralph H. Estey

The histories of Canadian agriculture and Canadian railways are closely entwined; in fact, so closely entwined that the story of early agriculture in Western Canada is also the story of the railways that sponsored and served it. The railways shrewdly utilized their development departments to enhance economic growth along their lines, and because the economy of most of the country was based on agriculture it was in their interest to do what they could to stimulate more and better agriculture, which they did. The railways made no attempt to conceal their motive under the guise of philanthropy. They boldly proclaimed that their agricultural development work was a simple, long-term, business proposition.



When the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) was being constructed in Western Canada there were no provincial agricultural colleges or well-organized provincial departments of agriculture, nor did the federal government have a chain of experimental farms in the area. As a consequence of that deficiency, the CPR entered the general field of agricultural research by establishing experimental and demonstration farms at strategic locations along its rail lines. In doing this it became the first railway in Canada, and among the earliest in North America, to have a comprehensive agricultural program.

In June 1884 the CPR set up 10 small farms, varying in size from 15 to 40 acres. They were part of a process to determine whether the Palliser Triangle and other areas along its lines were suitable for settlement, while at the same time helping identify the best crops and the best growing and harvesting techniques for each area. Those farms were at Scranton, Rush Lake, Swift Current, Gull Lake, Maple Creek, Forres, Dunmore, Stair, Tilley, and Gleichen.

In 1910 the CPR established a 2,500 acre farm on irrigated land at Strathmore, about 48 kilometres east of Calgary. That farm served the dual purpose of demonstrating improved methods of farming on irrigated land and of being a supply farm to ensure that high quality milk, cream, butter, eggs, broilers, etc. were available to the company's dining cars. The farm was supervised by Professor W.J. Elliott, who had an expert irrigation instructor on his staff in charge of the

McCord Museum of Canadian History

The CPR supply farm at Strathmore, Alberta, provided food for train passengers.

farm's irrigation operations and available for service to the independent farmers who had bought irrigated land from the CPR.

Shortly after the CPR established its own Department of Natural Resources in 1912, it acquired three more farms on which up-to-date mixed farming methods were practiced and demonstrated to farmers and potential farmers for miles around. One of the reasons for doing this was because the Western provinces were importing large amounts of vegetables that could be grown locally. It was felt by many educators, and some of the leading agricultural authorities, that the West was as much in need of education in the art of mixed farming as it was in that of growing wheat. A major objective of those railway-owned farms was to show the world, including Canadians, that crops other than wheat could be successfully grown in the prairie soils. As a follow-up, the CPR equipped a special car to exhibit the produce grown on its farms and took it to Toronto, Montreal and Halifax, as another means of promoting the idea of mixed farming in the West.

A "Mixed Farming Special Train" toured Alberta for five weeks in 1912, and an editorial in the *Olds Gazette*, on 6 December, remarked that a noticeable feature about all of the meetings associated with that train was the attendance of the farmers' wives, and that they seemed to be especially interested in the poultry exhibit and the lectures given on that subject.

In 1928 the CPR decided to expand the Strathmore herd and make it the largest herd of purebred Holstein cattle in Canada. George Hutton, who had been Superintendent of the Canada Department of Agriculture Research Station at Lacombe, 1907–1919, and who was now Supervisor of Agriculture over all CPR farms, was responsible for the acquisition of superior animals and for hiring Art Hay as herdsman. One year later that herd won top honours at the Royal Agricultural Fair in Toronto. From that date, and until 1942, there were not many years when elements of the Strathmore herd did not win either the All-American or Reserve awards at the Royal. After existing for 33 years, (1910–1943) the herd of 170 Holsteins was sold by auction, in April 1943.

In a somewhat similar manner, select herds of Aberdeen Angus cattle were maintained at CPR-owned farms at Chin and Coaldale. During the thirty-year period of the existence of those herds, hundreds of high quality breeding animals were

sold on very reasonable terms throughout Western Canada.

It is not generally known that the railway companies made a major contribution to Canadian agriculture through the very significant role they played in agricultural education. The over-all educational program of the CPR was a multifaceted affair. At one time it co-operated with the Hudson's Bay Company in arranging for free farm training in Bedfordshire, England, for single men desirous of settling on farms in Canada. Those farmers-to-be not only learned how to farm in Canada; they also learned much about governmental sources of information and assistance, and of how to purchase land through various financial arrangements. There was no charge for the training, or for room and board while at the training farm, but acceptable applicants were required to make a deposit of £10 as a guarantee that they would proceed to farm work in Canada. That money was applied to the cost of transportation, so, in effect, the training was free. In 1924 the CPR sponsored a trip by Professor Lochhead of Macdonald College (which included the Faculty of Agriculture, McGill University) to visit public schools in Britain to tell students about the advantages of a career in agriculture in Canada, and of how they could be trained for it. In the spring of 1925 a group of boys from those schools came to Canada, and through the services of the CPR were afforded opportunities to work on farms. In 1926 a larger group of boys was brought over, by the CPR, and the majority of them entered a Winter Course to study agriculture at Macdonald College.

Among the oldest and most common forms of railway assistance to agricultural education was the granting of free transportation or reduced rates to persons engaged in the learning or the teaching of agriculture. The railways also provided cheap transportation for farmers attending educational gatherings and to agricultural exhibitions. Examples of the dates and places of the exhibitions, for which reduced rates were given, were published from time to time.

Cattle auction at the "Better Farming Train".

University of Saskatchewan Archives

Another CPR contribution to agricultural education was the establishment of the first Boys' and Girls' Clubs in Canada, at Brandon and Birtle, Manitoba. Through those clubs, and the many others that followed, boys and girls were instructed in the care and management of livestock and poultry, which they themselves conditioned and displayed at agricultural shows. The CPR gave the winning teams from the clubs a free trip to the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in Toronto. That was in addition to its widespread distribution of cups and medals to stimulate broader interest.

In view of the success of that junior work, and the extent to which it caught the fancy of the farming community as a whole, the CPR played a

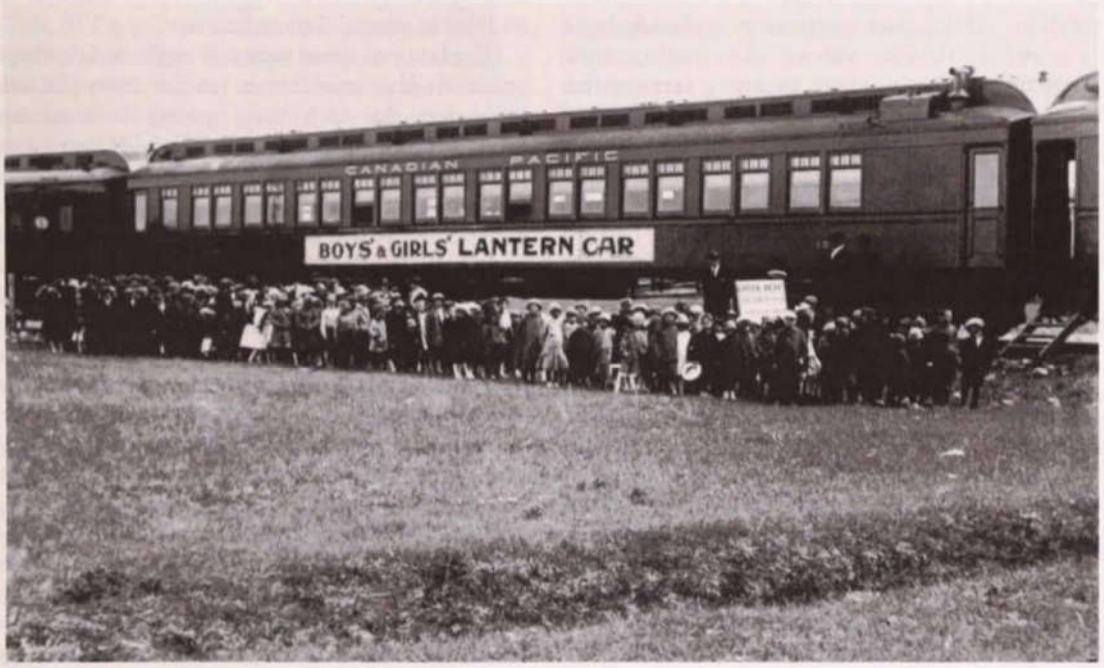
major role in the organization of a national body, the Canadian Council of Boys' and Girls' Club Work. The successor of that organization is still active today in the Canadian 4-H Council, and the 4-H clubs throughout Canada.

For many years the CPR offered free scholarships to its employees, and their sons and daughters, to the McGill faculties of Engineering, Arts and Science, and Agriculture. An example of how the scholarship-fellowship program affected agriculture was seen in October 1985 when F.S. Burbidge, Canadian Pacific Chairman, presented three McGill University graduate students with fellowships to conduct research aimed at improving Canadian agriculture through biotechnology. Those particular fellowships were part of a four-university Agricultural Research Program funded by a million dollar grant from Canadian Pacific.

The horticultural gardens that were so common and so beautiful around railway stations for many years prior to the Second World War, were not originally promoted for their beauty alone, but rather as another means of demonstrating the fertility of the land to potential settlers. In 1890 the Western railway companies were supplied with seed and young plants from the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and the railway gardens became part of the national plant testing system.

For nearly 70 years the CPR was involved in garden design, maintenance, and plant selection. The company became Canada's head gardener. After about 1905 the public expected suburban station grounds to be attractively maintained, and to meet this expectation the CPR established a Forestry Department, in 1907, to take control of existing gardens and to establish new ones, in addition to the supervision of more nurseries and greenhouses.

Large greenhouses, situated at strategic locations along its lines, supplied flowers for dining cars and company-owned hotels and distributed seedling plants to station masters all across the country. For example, the greenhouse in the Glen Yards in Montreal shipped plants to stations from London, Ontario, to Woodstock, New Brunswick.



Children queue up to see magic lantern slides about country life.

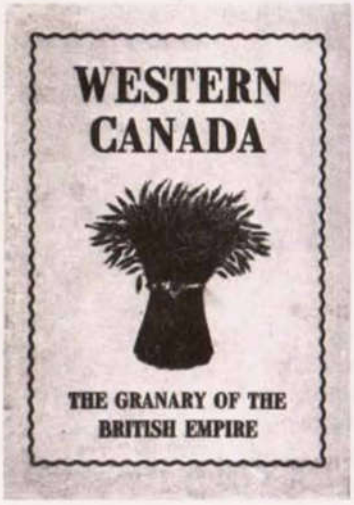
After the Second World War, when large-scale settlement of the West was practically finished, there was no need to advertise prairie fertility. This factor, plus the increase in automobile traffic, brought about the demise of most railway gardens. The land occupied by a garden often became part of a parking lot.

For many years, grain growers throughout the Canadian West thought the spread between the price paid to them at the local elevator and the price received at Fort William was too great. To clarify this situation, the CPR began transmitting to all of its stations, by means of its own extensive telegraph system, the daily price of grain at Fort

William. The prices were posted in station waiting rooms for all farmers to see.

The CPR also sponsored crop reports, under the heading "Progress of Canadian Crops". Those reports attained a high position in Western agricultural literature over a period of 43 years, from 1904. Under the direction of Sir William Whyte, the *Progress of Canadian Crops* was founded by T.C. Acheson, a traveling freight agent. It prospered, and its circulation became literally world-wide. Distributed every Thursday from 1 May to 30 September, it became a barometer of the seasonal prospects of Canadian grain. Circulation was restricted during wartime, except to approved foreign countries, and by 1947 only about 400 copies were prepared. That crop information service was eventually replaced by a somewhat similar service, by radio, from Agriculture Canada. Like so many services that were initiated by the railway companies in aid of Canadian agriculture, they filled a need until economic and other changes made them redundant.

A unique and colourful method of teaching agriculture was by means of what soon became known as "Better Farming Trains." On 22 November 1905, George H. Greig of the Seed Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture, published an advertisement from his Winnipeg office, announcing that a "Seed Grain and Weed Special Train" would leave Brandon, 8 January 1906 and make 70 stops – all of which were listed with times of arrival and departure – before terminating on 27 January.



That was a forerunner of one of the most important campaigns for better farming ever conducted in the West. Eventually, similar special trains ran over all the major rail lines in the Prairie provinces, utilizing both main and branch lines, in co-operation with the Dominion Department of Agriculture, and the new agricultural colleges. Selected speakers delivered lectures on various agricultural topics. The lecturers on the first of those trains included Dr. James Fletcher, Dominion Botanist-Entomologist; W.R. Motherwell, federal Minister of Agriculture; Angus MacKay, who became the first Superintendent of the Indian Head Research Station; and Prof. W.J. Black of the Manitoba Agricultural College.

When the seed special train went to Alberta it was so popular and the crowds so great that it was necessary to hold overflow meetings in the station houses at three of the stops.

Grain growing had barely started on the plains of Western Canada when the CPR realized that as a means of making the farmer more self-supporting in the matter of food, and to serve as a cushion against the seasons when grain crops might fail, the rapid development of a livestock industry should be pushed to the limit. As early as 1906, the railway companies, in co-operation with the Dairy Department of the University of Manitoba, were operating a "Dairy Train".

The CPR, in co-operation with the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, the College of Agriculture, the Cattle Breeders Association, the Moose Jaw Livestock Exchange, and the Agricultural Societies of the districts visited, operated a "Cattle Improvement Train", over its lines in central Saskatchewan.

The farmers' wives were not neglected on these trains. At least one female teacher from the colleges was on each train giving lectures on home-making and child care. After 1915, most of those trains had two coaches for children; one for the babies and very young and one for the older children. This latter became known as the Boys' and Girls' Lantern Car, because it was equipped for showing lantern slides of rural scenes and activities. After 1915, most of the evening stops were discontinued because many communities had taken advantage of the evening stop to stage sporting events in the afternoon. Under those circumstances it was inevitable that children came to the train worn out, irritable and difficult to care for. The trains in Saskatchewan were operated, with minor changes each year, until 1922. After that an agricultural lecture car was attached to various trains until the early 1930s.

The "Livestock Improvement Train" that toured Manitoba in May 1922 made history by being the first train in Canada to carry a radio since Sir Ernest Rutherford at McGill University transmitted experimental radio signals to a moving Grand Trunk train in 1902. The radio enabled those on board to hear concerts and the news of the world from Winnipeg. In addition to the livestock specialists, the personnel of that train included two representatives of the Marconi Company, and a radio mechanic.

Sir William Van Horne, President of the CPR, provided impetus to the program for the improvement of livestock by devising a system for the free distribution of selected bulls and boars. His only stipulation was that any settler accepting the loan of such animals had to agree to permit their use for breeding purposes by his or her neighbours for at least two years. The spread of bacon-type hog production was hastened by the placing of bacon-type boars in many districts that lacked good breeding stock. In a somewhat

similar manner, or at least with the same objective, the CPR, through a subsidiary organization, imported 10,000 sheep from Montana to form the basis of the many fine flocks that were developed in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Forage Crop Cars, initiated by the Field Husbandry Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College, were added to the Livestock Improvement Train that was operated co-operatively by the railways of that province for four years. In 1927 the train on the CPR lines in Manitoba included a Horticulture Car and a Better Seed Car.

A typical Better Farming Train consisted of seven sections as follows: 1) Livestock, 2) Poultry, 3) Machinery, Buildings and Dairy, 4) Boys and Girls, 5) Crop Production, 6) Household Science, 7) Nursery. The Poultry Section contained a model poultry house, an incubator, a brooder and specimens of dressed poultry. Demonstrations in proper methods of killing and plucking chickens and in handling eggs were given at each stop. The Machinery, Buildings and Dairy Section of the train occupied two large express cars and showed model farm buildings, electric lighting plants, and a gasoline engine fitted to drive a churn, a washing machine, a cream separator, etc. That section also displayed cream separators, a Babcock milk tester, sanitary milk pails, and cream cans, etc.

Undoubtedly, the "Better Farming Trains" had a profound influence in the farming communities, being attended by many thousands of people. They were discontinued, in some provinces, during the war years of 1914–18, but their educational value had become so well known that they were revived soon after that war.

Farmers generally took full advantage of the opportunity to examine the exhibits and to consult the expert teaching staff who accompanied the trains. It was like taking the agricultural college to the people. In fact many people referred to it as an Agricultural College on Wheels. The unique character of the enterprise and the high quality of the lectures and demonstrations attracted large audiences wherever the train stopped.

John Raynor, Director of Extension, University of Saskatchewan, tried to analyze the appeal of the railway coaches, which, he stated, seemed to guarantee a satisfactory attendance which could not always be claimed for meetings held in the community hall or school house.

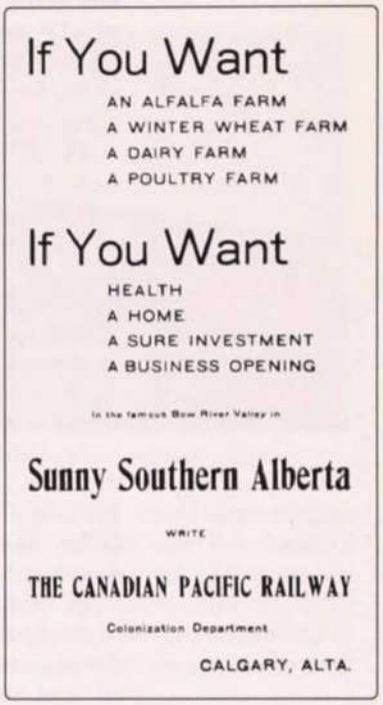
When the CPR first entered the Western plains there were vast distances almost devoid of trees so the company devised means to encourage tree planting as a means of soil conservation, shelter, and the improvement of living conditions on the land. In conjunction with the Canadian Forestry Association, the CPR provided a Tree Planting Car and sent it to various communities throughout the prairie region each summer for several years. That car was staffed by experts who provided instructions in tree planting to make trees grow where none had grown before. Millions of trees were planted as a result of that educational work, many of them around prairie homes that would otherwise be barren and unattractive.

Although the CPR occupied a central position in the settlement and development of farm lands in Canada, and in particular the Canadian West, it was not alone in these activities. In 1901 the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company obtained the services of Mr. W.H. Fairfield, Superintendent of the Experiment Station, University of Wyoming, to operate a model farm near Lethbridge. He introduced nitrogen-fixing bacteria into the prairie soils so that alfalfa and clovers could be grown successfully. That simple act, and the experiments that followed, were of inestimable value to agriculture in the Prairie Provinces.

The Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway companies also played significant roles in their respective regions of endeavour, prior to their financial collapse. Most of their agricultural work was continued and enhanced by their new owner, the Canadian National Railway (CNR).

The Better Farming Trains did not operate only in the prairie provinces. A "Better Farming Special" ran through Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick, in 1912, 1913, and 1914. That train included three cars with livestock, – cows, pigs, and poultry; a horticultural exhibit illustrating various phases of orchard, small fruit and vegetable gardening; a milk exhibit; a farm crop exhibit; a drainage exhibit; and a biological exhibit showing injurious and beneficial insects and fungi. When it toured the lines of the Intercolonial Railway in New Brunswick from 9 June to 4 July 1914, one of the cars carried bee-keeping equipment; including a colony of bees under glass.

In 1923 a "Better Livestock Train" toured Ontario from Kenora to Quebec. It was composed of one feed car; six cars of cattle; one car of sheep, wool and Canadian wool fabrics; two cars of pigs; one car for lecture purposes; one car for demonstrations; one car for poultry and eggs; and one diner and sleeper. The project was repeated in



1924 when Northern Ontario was included in the territory covered.

In June 1926, an "Agricultural Demonstration Train" traveled over the Midland Railway and CNR lines in the Province of Nova Scotia. It was so successful that it was enlarged and repeated the following year. The Department of Natural Resources, of Nova Scotia, which prepared many of the exhibits, estimated that upwards of 50,000 people visited the train in 1927. Instead of dealing with many topics, the train in 1928 was designated a "Better Crops Special" and dealt only with the major crops of the districts visited. It operated in March and April, before the farming season began in Nova Scotia.

The CNR ran a small agricultural exhibition train in Quebec in 1930 and 1931 that put emphasis on soil improvement through the use of lime and chemical fertilizers. That train introduced a new feature to the better farming trains by encouraging farmers to bring samples of soil to the train for free analysis and information suited to their particular soil. In its first year that train made 36 stops, was visited by 11,235 adults, and analyzed 5,698 samples of soil.

An "Agricultural Demonstration Train" ran on the CNR lines in British Columbia in 1930 and 1931. In 1931, it made calls at 17 points in the Fraser, Thompson, and Okanagan Valleys, and was visited by more than 6,000 people.

In 1924, Dr. W.J. Black, who had been editor of the *Farmers' Advocate* and the first President of the Manitoba Agricultural College, was appointed head of the Department of Colonization and Agriculture for the entire CNR, thus ensuring that its agricultural development work was of a high quality. Dr. Black appointed Dr. F. Waldo Walsh as Agricultural Agent for Eastern Canada (Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes), and he had a highly qualified agent or agricultural representative for Western Canada, stationed in Saskatchewan.

The CNR sponsored visits to experimental and demonstration farms, and supported Boys' and Girls' Calf Clubs, and a Swine Club Judging Competition at the Royal Winter Fair. The CNR also introduced a new feature to its agricultural education program by making mail-order courses available to prospective farmers. In February and March of 1928 it had a "Good Farming Car" on lines that ran through the more remote or pioneer farming areas in which lectures and demonstrations were given and questions answered, in English and Ukrainian.

Canadian railways stimulated agricultural development by various means in addition to those mentioned above, especially in the general areas of irrigation and refrigeration. Vast areas that were so dry as to be unsuitable for cultivation became lush farming regions, often due to the initiative of the railways. Without the refrigerated rail car, initially developed by the railways, the rich agricultural areas in such places as the Annapolis Valley, the Niagara Peninsula, and the Okanagan Valley, would not have become developed until much later, because there would not have been large markets for them. However, the railways made their greatest contributions to early agriculture in Canada through their educational programs, which, when considered in their broadest sense, include demonstration farms and gardens. Of all the teaching methods used by railway companies, none were more popular or widely accepted than the Better Farming Trains. ◆

Ralph H. Estey is an Emeritus Professor of McGill University. He has published more than 75 papers; a book; "Essays on the Early History of Plant Pathology and Mycology in Canada"; a chapter in each of three different books; and he is joint author of a zoological laboratory manual, published in English and in Spanish.

Further Reading

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Richard Carver

The National Heritage – A Crumbling Warehouse?

Federal cost-cutting imperils Archives, Library

Sometime in early June of this year, its 125th anniversary, the National Archives of Canada will open its new storage facility in Gatineau, Quebec, across the river from its headquarters in Ottawa.

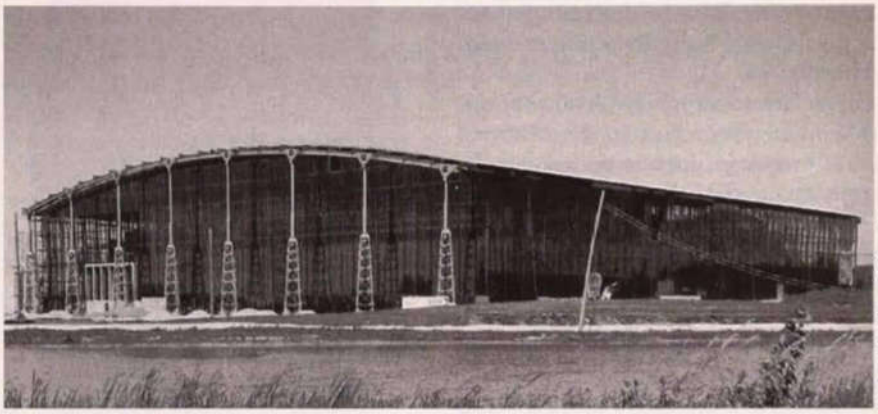
According to a National Archives spokesman, Heritage Minister Sheila Copps has been invited to open the new building and it is "on her agenda". If Ms. Copps opens the building, it will be the first time that she has visited either the National Library or the National Archives. An invitation to open an exhibition of children's literature illustrations at the National Library this year was refused.

The building is huge and will contain 48 vaults, each of which will be equipped with state-of-the-art mobile shelving systems. A single vault holds 12,684 20-centimetre boxes which, says the archives fact sheet, equals 2.5 kilometres of records per vault.

A historical researcher with a mathematical mind – or who has a young child – can probably estimate the size of this mega-building. Answer: the steel roofing is equivalent to two football fields. And, says the Archives, the boxes contained therein would, if laid end to end, stretch from Ottawa to Pembroke, a town up the Ottawa Valley.

The building will also hold the Archives' laboratories for document and book conservation and copying of records, as well as major collections, including 15 million photographs and 2,000 pictures; about 100 specialists will move with them.

Researchers may wonder how they will be able to get hold of these millions of records. The National Archives has *the* technological answer: each box will have a bar code and a computer system will be able to track the location of the records and be able to whisk it to the researcher in Ottawa. A computer will do the work of the archivist.



National Archives of Canada

The Gatineau Building will be Canada's state-of-the-art preservation facility.

The opening of this centre scheduled for early June is not just a response to the records pouring into the National Archives from government and the private sector: it is a fairly new response to using technology as a means of meeting an urgent requirement for space. The Archives managed to extract $1.5 million from the federal government to construct its two football fields. On the other hand, it is trying to cope with the last four years of 5% expenditure cuts which have been imposed on every government department, regardless of size.

The other major source for researchers and scholars specializing in Canadiana is the National Library of Canada, also located in a box-like structure, on Wellington Street in Ottawa. Although it may question whether it is "a crumbling warehouse," as Karen Adams of the Canadian Library Association described it, the National Library is moving that way because of across-the-board government cuts.

Federal deficit-cutting has had a major effect on small departments. Four years of 5% cuts has damaged their ability to maintain adequate services. Both operational and personnel cuts are having a devastating effect not only on morale but on services to their publics.

A senior personnel officer described it thus: "People come in, strap on their seat belts and hope that they still have a job at the end of the day."

So, because the Library and the Archives are government departments, the National Archivist, Jean-Pierre Wallot (who retires in June) and the National Librarian, Marianne Scott, are careful in their assessment of the situation. More and more, both departments are turning to technology to solve the problem.

Or, as a senior archivist put it: "We are processors of records now, not scholars." Indeed, the National Archives has not recruited an archivist during the past five years, says the retired Assistant National Archivist Michael Swift. Jean-Pierre Wallot disagrees. But there will be a crisis in the not-too-distant future. The average age of archivists is in the mid-40s and there is no money to recruit replacements. Nor is there

money to replace the experience and skills of current staff.

The National Library also has severe space problems. In its 1995-96 annual report, the Library says the "inadequate physical accommodation impairs the Library's ability to fulfill its mandate as custodian of Canada's national heritage." It is seeking short- and long-term environmentally secure accommodations for its collections. And like the Archives, it still has to deal with a flood of documents, both governmental and private.

The Canadian Library Association is so worried about cuts to the National Library that it intends to ask for an appearance before the House of Commons Standing Committee on the Canadian Heritage. It plans to deal with the disappearance of the multilingual biblio-service, a program for disadvantaged Canadians, the large print publishing program for publishers, and, particularly, preservation. The Library has reduced three shifts to one shift for deacidifying documents. And it only buys one copy of Canadiana published in other countries. The budget for this program, which is now under $100,000, will be cut to a mere $60,000, a pittance for the task at hand.

Over the past four years, both departments have reduced personnel by at least 25% through attrition, retirement and early retirement – losing a number of experienced and devoted employees such as Helmut Kallman, founder and former head of the National Library's music division and the man who purchased the Glenn Gould collection, and, on the Archives side, Barbara Wilson, an expert on defence.

Michael Swift says that cuts have made service to the public more efficient, "but it is getting thinner and thinner." There was a time, he said, when, if you had a big enough name, or were persistent enough, your research would shine. "But that doesn't happen any more – or at least with decreasing frequency." He added that clients who have been using the Archives over a period of years can still find a specialist archivist because of the personal acquaintanceship which had been built over a number of years.

But the newer clients must be independent and self-reliant. "There is no more spoon-feeding for research."

His assessment is supported by Beatrice Craig of the University of Ottawa and secretary of the French section of the Canadian Historical Association. She says that her students used to have four archivists participate

Sheila Copps, Heritage Minister.

in orientation tours of the Archives. Now the number is down to one.

This more public side of both departments has suffered grievously: the Library and the Archives have cut their publications and exhibition programs radically. The Library's publishing budget has dropped from $380,000 to $175,000. And the "Read Up On It" program in which reading lists of books in both English and French are distributed to schools may die unless a private-sector sponsor can be found.

The Library's total budget was $35 million in 1995: in 1998-99, it will be only $28 million. The Archives' budget has gone down from $57.5 million in 1994-95 to a projected $43 million at the end of this century.

The worst-case scenario for the National Library is that it will revert to the 1950s and become a warehouse for legal deposit and bibliographic data with few, if any, resources for researchers.

Special services, such as children's literature and rare books, have either become a part of the reference service or have been telescoped into another specialist section.

On the bright side, both departments are doing their best to deal with the devastation of cutting. And although technology is not the only solution, it has forced senior management in both departments to focus their missions. The old rivalries still exist but there are now one or two common services which have combined into a single reference desk, such as genealogy, a service which is enormously in demand. They are also holding discussions on joint use of AMICUS, the Library's computerized bibliographic system.

The National Library now refers many calls to other libraries; the National Archives arranges for collections to be transferred to other archives which can use them more appropriately. "All services have suffered," says Marianne Scott. Nevertheless, the Library is still trying to maintain the same level of service.

Yet, because of the arrival of technology, exemplified by the Internet, the National Library has become the library of first resort, instead of the library of last resort whereby other libraries contacted it when they needed a book. Computer owners can now get into AMICUS and find a title. Likewise, the National Archives receives a flood of calls from researchers through the Internet and e-mail.

The sad fact about the state of the Canadian heritage, as represented by the National Archives and the National Library, is that nobody, apart from its specialized clientele, much cares what happens. As Michael Swift put it, "There is no understanding in government of the seriousness of preserving the record of government. It is not a great concern."

As a result of these across-the-board cuts, Canadians and particularly those who use the National Archives and the National Library to research books, films, television documentaries and family trees find that the heritage is in danger of disappearing. Says Swift, "We recently received 800 feet of records from Transport Canada." He doubts that they will be organized for researchers: "That's all they'll be – 800 feet." ◆

Richard Carver is an Ottawa journalist.

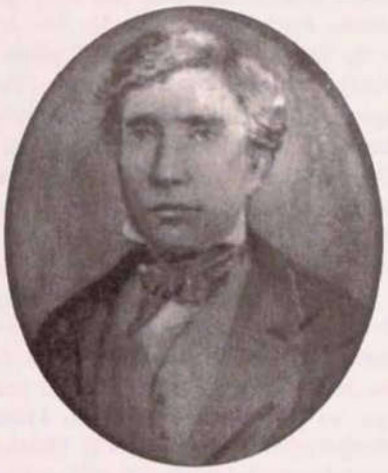
A Crowded Life

BY J.E. REA

LORD STRATHCONA
A Biography of
Donald Alexander Smith
By Donna McDonald.
Dundurn Press,
Toronto, Ontario, 1996.
600 pp., illus. $34.95.

One might expect that a Canadian career which included being Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, President of the Bank of Montreal, a power in the Canadian Pacific and other railways, High Commissioner to London, Chancellor of McGill University, negotiator with Louis Riel, philanthropist and raiser of regiments would attract historians by the score. Donald A. Smith, Lord Strathcona as he was rewarded, was all these things, yet this is the first study of the man to appear since the partisan account by Beckles Willson in 1915, a year after Smith's demise. Several historians have tried, including the late W.L. Morton who was writing a life of Smith at the time of his own death. It was clearly a daunting task; not least because of Smith's execrable handwriting which was and remains virtually illegible. So one should be grateful that Donna McDonald has now written a big, fat volume commensurate with Smith's long and eventful career.

Despite the claim of the publisher in the blurb on the dust jacket, however, this is not an easy read. Through over 500 densely-packed pages, McDonald moves from the minutiae of Smith's life to high policy and back again. We are left to make the distinctions ourselves. It is not that she does not understand the difference; but her determination to provide all the details of Smith's various activities, public and domestic, means that those questions in which most readers will be interested are buried amid pages of detail on HBC accounting problems or the vicissitudes of Smith's friends and relatives.



Donald Smith, 1848.

It must be said at the outset that this is a very commendable piece of research. Archives in Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States, public and private, have been consulted. And she relies extensively on the Archives of the Hudson's Bay Company. The text reflects the degree to which McDonald stuck closely to her documentary sources. All the high points (and most of the low) of Smith's career are considered; the 30 years in Labrador, emissary to Red River, politician, railway promoter, entrepreneur, imperialist and philanthropist. Faithful to the documents it certainly is; but that is not entirely a good thing. McDonald seldom measures her judgements against those of others in the secondary literature. She seeks neither corroboration nor controversy.

McDonald's Smith, whom she rather annoyingly calls "Donald" throughout the book until he becomes His Lordship, is a man of firm resolve, when to others he was often a stiff-necked, stubborn old Calvinist. In life, she concedes, Smith did not respond well to criticism. Perhaps the author is continuing to shield him. Hence, Smith's enemies are McDonald's enemies and she misses few opportunities to cast her hero in the best possible light.

A case in point is C.J. Brydges, who was the Land Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company in the 1880s when Smith was acquiring a position of great influence in the company through his share purchases. If Brydges did not sell land he was criticized. If he did he was scolded for selling at the wrong time or not getting a greater price. He was dressed down because his son was speculating in lands. But in fact, almost everyone in Western Canada, including Donald A. Smith, was speculating in lands during the boom in that decade. It seemed almost impossible to please the proprietors whom Smith represented. Brydges' real sin, it appears, was that he was not Smith's man.

Yet despite the lack of balance – in both emphasis and judgement – we are much the wiser about the career of one of Canada's most energetic and successful tycoons. The appendices alone are a mine of information, listing all of Smith's stock holdings and an annual account of his gifts and benefactions.

McDonald is described as "a writer and arts administrator" and the publication of the book was not supported by the customary academic agency, but by the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council among others. She set out to tell the story of Donald A. Smith, not to assess it. If the result is only slightly less partisan than the account by Willson so many years ago, at least we are now in the position of being able to make our own judgement with much fuller knowledge. For that we can be grateful.

J.E. Rea is Professor of History, University College, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Digging Up the Past

BY LEO PETTIPAS

IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT NORTH AMERICA
An Archaeological Journey to Forgotten Cultures
By Heather Pringle.
John Wiley & Sons,
Toronto, Ontario, 1996.
227 pp., illus. $34.95.

To set the stage for this review, it is appropriate at the outset to identify two kinds of people: journalists and archaeologists.

Journalists typically have a flair for creative and popular writing. Not being trained archaeologists, however, they have been known to fall short of "getting the facts straight" when writing about an unfamiliar discipline and topic.

Professional archaeologists, being the specialists that they are, characteristically speak and write with authority. But when it comes to rendering their facts, figures and conclusions into literature that is readable by the general public, a lack of training in popular writing can pose some distinct challenges.

Heather Pringle has managed to bring together the best of both worlds in her book. A journalist herself, she has taken the trouble to fully acquaint herself with the metes and bounds of archaeology. She has produced a volume that is not only accurate in substance and detail, but also very well written for a general audience.

In Search of Ancient North America does not pretend to cover the total aboriginal history of an entire continent. Rather, it focuses upon a series of nine "case studies", in which research and historical significance of selected sites or areas are presented.

The scope of the book is wide-ranging, both in time and space. Time-wise, the subject matter extends all the way from the Ice Age habitation of the northern Yukon of some 23,000 years ago, to the southern Ontario Huron villages of the early 1600s A.D. The nine scenarios are variously located in highly diverse habitats, from the far North to the interior plateau of British Columbia, the Canadian High Plains, coastal California, the Pecos River of Texas, the American Southwest, the American Midwest and the Great Lakes.

A broad sweep of cultural development is also represented in Pringle's selection of material. At one end of the spectrum are the hunters and gatherers of the last glacial period; at the other are the complex pristine states of the middle Mississippi River as they existed in the thirteenth century A.D. In between are societies anthropologists designate as "tribes" and "chiefdoms" that waxed and waned in far-flung areas of what are now Canada and the continental United States.

Pringle's modus operandi "in the field" essentially follows that of the professional journalist: on-the-spot observation and interviews with the principal players in their working environments, augmented by appropriate archival- or library-type research. Her on-site dealings with genuine archaeologists convey a sense of what real archaeology and archaeologists (as opposed to the Hollywood version) are all about. The full-length colour portrait of Dr. Jacques Cinq-Mars, a highly-respected Canadian archaeologist, may conjure up any number of images to the viewer, but "swashbuckling" is not likely to be one of them. No Indiana Jones here!

Pringle's book offers a comprehensive introduction to the discipline of archaeology. In addition to the standard popular perception of very patient people digging square holes in the ground ("dirt archaeology"), the reader is acquainted with the subdiscipline of rock art research and ethnohistory, the field that integrates archaeology, ethnology, history, linguistics and other sister disciplines. Note is made of the role of DNA analysis in sorting out the details of the early peopling of North America. An oceanographer's study of changes in seawater temperatures helps explain changes in the archaeological deposits on an island off the California coast. Geological studies of landslides into the Fraser River in B.C. suggest the cause of changes in the availability of salmon species centuries ago, and how these in turn affected human occupation of the region. In short, archaeology draws upon a wide range of other sciences in order to decipher the findings of field excavators.

And indeed, one of the most appealing aspects of the book is the author's attention to the thought processes employed by archaeologists in their efforts to reconstruct the past. Not only

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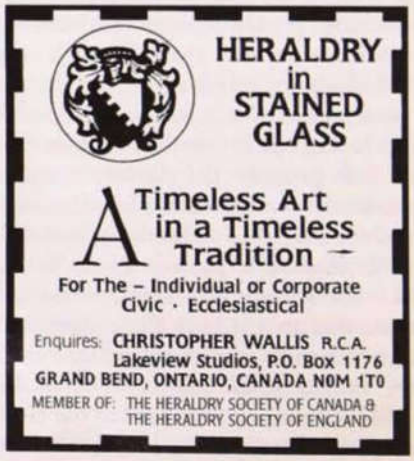
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does she present the *results* of their work; she also details the reasoning and the logic that goes into the overall process of achieving those results. One cannot help but be fascinated by the ingenuity archaeologists display in using astronomy to explain the existence of the huge 2,000-year-old geometric earthworks of Ohio; or how they determine the possible circumstances leading up to and following the abandonment of the Chaco Canyon pueblos in the mid-1100s; or how they account for the construction of the massive temple mound at the ancient town of Cahokia in Illinois. What possible role could the famous Palaeolithic cave paintings of France play in helping us understand the story behind the bison drives at the Head-Smashed-In site in southern Alberta? How did an archaeologist manage to calculate the sizes of Huron families whose members lived centuries before the arrival of Europeans and their catastrophic diseases? The complex and creative workings of the archaeological mind in dealing with these and many other issues are presented throughout Pringle's book.

In Search of Ancient North America bears witness to the natural symbiosis to be achieved between good archaeologists and good journalists. The former can provide the basic stuff of fascinating literature; the latter can undertake to ensure that the fruits of the archaeologists' labours receive a wide and appreciative audience. Although I found Pringle's handling of the subject matter exciting and interesting, her accounts themselves never suffer from overdramatization or exaggeration. She succeeds in according a goodly measure of down-to-earth humanity and convincing realism both to the archaeologists she visited and to the peoples whose lifeways and histories they are privileged to study.

Leo Pettipas is a Winnipeg heritage consultant.

Elusive Shadows

BY CHRISTOPHER PACI

'AS THEIR NATURAL RESOURCES FAIL'
Native Peoples and the Economic History of Northern Manitoba, 1870–1930.
By Frank Tough.
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 1996.
376 pp., illus. $65.00.

Following in the foot-steps of Harold Innis, W.L. Morton, and Arthur J. Ray, Tough serves up a hearty read on the political economy of Northern Manitoba. For example, picking up on Innis's heartland-hinterland view of staples development, Tough skilfully reconstructs native economies in Northern Manitoba as underdeveloped regional economies, held together by transportation systems. He argues that capitalism, rarely discussed by fur-trade historians, is not an invisible historical force of colonization. Rallying against what he terms "The Fur Trade fallacy of racial partnership", Tough concludes that paternalism provides the context for modern-day conditions. Challenges are made to "conventional academic views" of native life before 1945, as "traditional, unchanging and stable." As such, the story is told to know from whence we came, to know ourselves today.

Rather than offering interesting insights into the working lives of natives, the movement from mercantilism to industrial capitalism reveals much about the perspectives of the changing dominant classes. The paternalism of the Hudson's Bay Company is surrendered to the Crown, and in the process is rejected. Arguing against what he terms "cultural relativism", Tough states "Ottawa policy-makers knew that 'as their natural resources fail', Indians would have to give up the land, to make economic adjustments, and to sell their labours." A letter by J.D. McLean, Department of Indian Affairs, is the source for the quotation in the book's title. McLean's reference in 1902 was to the fact that given depletions of game and fish in the West, Indians would eagerly embrace the Department's civilizing efforts.

The voices of many native women and children, even working men, remain faint. At best, they are elusive shadows. The essential element, collected by Tough, is the patterns that take shape from interactions between native labour and non-native capital. Native voices are heard through a complex reading of the many interpretations.

If to know ourselves we must not only listen to our elders but probe the depths of the recorded past, then access to many of the documents collected over the years is essential. Tough argues

that access to archives is being lost through bureaucratization, budget cutbacks, and legalization of access to information.

If to know ourselves we must consider a number of competing views about the past, then Tough's reading of history adds to the dialogue. A dialogue between archival and contemporary aboriginal communities, however, requires engaging natives and academics. As a provocative site for discourse about archival sources and the politics of contemporary aboriginal concerns, this book speaks volumes about Canada, reminding us that these are certainly interesting times we live in.

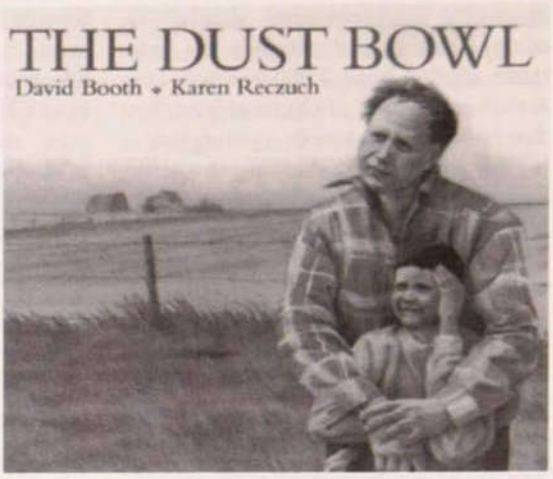
Christopher Paci is with the Natural Resources Institute, University of Manitoba.

History for the Young

BY CAROLYN YOUNG

To encourage children to know and appreciate Canadian history, books must be able to involve their imagination as well as provide facts. Several Canadian authors have achieved this combination for success including Janet Lunn, Pierre Berton and Barbara Smucker and, fortunately, more books of this calibre are becoming available.

A juvenile novel of historical fiction, ***The Stone Orchard*** (Vanwell 1996, 192 pp., $6.95) by Susan E. Merritt features the Fenian Raids, the invasion of Irish-Americans into Ontario in 1866. Based on written eyewitness accounts of the Battle of Ridgeway, this story captures the excitement and danger felt by the raiders, the soldiers and Ridgeway's citizens. Most of all Maud Fraser, the young heroine of the story, conveys the drama and the confusion of being caught between the rampaging Fenians and the Canadian volunteers who defend the land. Forced to nurse the wounded and dying soldiers from both armies, Maud must find the resources and courage in herself to survive the crisis. Maud's experiences put a human face on an exciting episode of life in pre-Confederation Canada. For ages 10 and up.



The Dust Bowl (Kids Can 1996, 32 pp., $16.95) by David Booth gives children a genuine experience of life on the Prairies during the Depression with outstanding pictures by illustrator Karen Reczuch. As three generations of farmers gather around the kitchen table, grandfather passes on his memories of "the Big Dry ... when the wind blew from the four corners of the world, blowing the land out from under our feet." Children will be impressed by the powerful images in the text and how the illustrations reflect the moods of the story from stark landscapes to golden fields of wheat. As grandfather expresses the indomitable spirit of the men and women who survived the dust bowl years, his words become a message of hope. For ages 6 to 10.

In ***Forts of Canada*** (Kids Can 1996, 64 pp., $14.99) by Ann-Maureen Owens and Jane Yealland, children will travel across the land and through several eras in Canadian history including the first forts built by the aboriginal people and the military forts built during the War of 1812. The accessible format of the book provides information by questions and answers, effective comparisons with features of modern life and appealing illustrations by Don Kilby. Instructions for building model forts, recipes for bannock, the rules of voyageur wrestling and other relevant projects are available throughout the book. Ideal for school libraries and the homes of young history buffs. For ages 8 to 12.

Carolyn Young is a London, Ontario, writer.

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The Middle of Somewhere

BY DAVID ROZNIATOWSKI

THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE
Rediscovering Saskatchewan
Selected and with an introduction by Dennis Gruending.
Fifth House,
Saskatoon & Calgary, 1996.
228 pp., illus. $16.95.

In his introduction to this highly commendable anthology, Dennis Gruending writes, "Saskatchewan, of course, is not the middle of nowhere, as the selections in this book attest." It is an almost superfluous statement. Any reader too obtuse to grasp the irony of the title would quickly become aware of it just by opening the book at random and reading a few pages. Almost every aspect of Saskatchewan's history – political, economic and social is examined and presented in such an interesting way that one is left wishing that all Canadian history could be written like this.

The book is divided into four sections, rather like the movements of a symphony, and there is a symphonic, even epic, scope to the collection. The first section, The River, is concerned with the aboriginal people, European exploration, and the beginning of settlement in Saskatchewan. The second part, The Promised Land, encompasses the treaties and defeat of the Métis, and the great influx of immigrant settlers. The Depression, the Dustbowl years, and the influence that they had on Saskatchewan's political history comprise the themes of the third section, The Dry Land, while the final selections, entitled The New Jerusalem, focus on post Second World War optimism in the political and economic situation, and the subsequent reaction of disillusionment and questioning of the myth of progress.

More than 50 authors are represented in this collection, from eighteenth-century explorers Anthony Henday and David Thompson to John Diefenbaker and Farley Mowat. Even more diverse is the range of subjects and emotions covered in the selections. The dignity and pride of the aboriginal way of life shine through Dan Kennedy's "Recollections of an Assiniboine Chief". The apprehension of the immigrant arriving in a new and seemingly forbidding land overshadows Maria Adamovska's "Beginnings in Canada", while Fredelle Bruser Maynard exuberantly celebrates the special joys of life in a small town in "Coyotes and Grain Elevators". For sports fans, there are essays on Gordie Howe and Saskatchewan Roughriders running-back George Reed. One of the most emotionally charged accounts is Métis writer Maria Campbell's autobiographical essay, "Halfbreed". Her reference to having grown up on Shakespeare, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, and Longfellow is reminiscent of David Copperfield finding solace in the pages of Defoe, Fielding and Smollett, and her description of herself with her brothers, sisters and cousins enacting scenes of Cleopatra on her barge is both poignant and hilarious. The vein of humour is very present in Norman Ward's "On with the New", a description of the author's experience with that formerly ubiquitous element of landscape, the outdoor toilet.

The only fault with this collection is that it touches so lightly on Saskatchewan's intellectual and cultural history. There is a contribution by the late Caroline Heath on creative writing in Saskatchewan, but regrettably nothing concerning the province's visual artists, composers, or performers, of whom several outstanding examples could be cited. Apart from this, the anthology admirably defines the qualities that make Saskatchewan unique. If a volume like this existed for every province in Canada, we would perhaps be not only more aware of the individual identity of each geographical component of Canada, but also more appreciative of our rich and infinitely varied history.

David Rozniatowski is a Winnipeg librarian.

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History in Fact and Fiction

Recent reading has reminded me again of how many different ways history can be presented, each with its own strengths.

There is straightforward narrative. The story of Acadia is an oft-recounted Canadian tale – alas, like many in our history, it is not a happy one. It can never have been narrated more sensitively and more fairly than by Charles D. Mahaffie in *A Land of Discord Always*. The author is an amateur, a lover of his subject, who has read widely, digested fully, written clearly. His book is a damning indictment of missed opportunities and colonial bureaucratic dithering. For 150 years, while Britain and France commenced wars, fought battles, made peace, signed treaties, and commenced wars again, Acadians tended their farms, lived their lives, and tried to stay out of disputes not their own. Here is a splendid book, and one which will be cherished by all who care about our country's – indeed, our continent's – history.

There are historical novels. I'm not particularly fond of them, especially if the research is weak, but I very much admired Margaret Atwood's *Alias Grace*. It has been so widely reviewed (and so much honoured), I hesitate to mention it. Literary merit aside, its capturing of the mores and mind set of mid-nineteenth century, supposedly enlightened, middle class Ontario is very good indeed.

A very different (and far less significant) work is *1812*, a novel which recounts the whole of that war from a strictly American point of view. Its main characters are all genuine historical figures: Andrew and Rachel Jackson, James and Dolly Madison, General Winfield Scott and others. I recommend it because it is so totally American. Canadians tend to view that encounter as one in which we protected, successfully, our territory from greedy American invaders. Americans understand the same war as one in which they defended, successfully, their sovereignty from dominating British imperialists.

There is the book that is a mosaic. *All the Fine Young Eagles* pieces together many, many first-person descriptions by Canadian Second World War pilots, each in his own fighter plane. In their preserved correspondence, journals, and written memoirs, these pilots told their stories, relating specific incidents, reporting on particular places, recalling immediate events, revealing strong feelings. Each tale is very real, very personal – and the book's editor/author has skillfully provided just enough context, continuity and interpretation to create a whole picture. Old fashioned words like courage, duty, sacrifice, spring to mind. After 50 years, most of the agony, the destruction, the death, has faded – what remains to be recorded is a grand adventure.

There is academic analysis. The University of Toronto Press publishes perhaps 100 books a year, nearly all scholarly in tone and outlook. One recent work is *Public Men and Virtuous Women: The Gendered Languages of Religion and Politics in Upper Canada, 1791–1850*. Its subtitle, though accurate, cannot have been chosen to attract *Beaver* readers! And the pleasing picture on the book's cover is so palely printed that it is almost invisible. Pity, because the book explores a number of themes worth pondering: Loyalty, at the time of the War of 1812, was personified as the masculine Christian soldier protecting his wife and family from rapacious American invaders. A decade later, reformers and Tories attacked each other, each side seeing itself as "manly" and its opponents as weak and effeminate. In the same era, much religious discourse in Upper Canada pictured the state of salvation as one where virtuous men and virtuous women lived together in idyllic family relationships – under patriarchal domination. With the growth of the middle class in the 1840s, the "private" domestic world was considered to be the proper domain of women, while the "public" political world was strictly masculine territory – yet this blissful picture was riddled with contradictions.

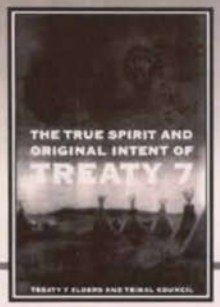
Cecilia Morgan's exhaustive study of gendered language – as expressed in newspapers and religious publications – also contains bits of interest simply in themselves:

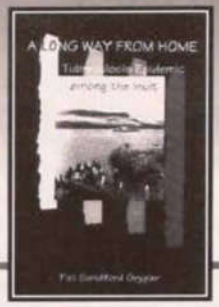
- Reverend (later Bishop) John Strachan, published in 1810 a *Discourse on the Character of King George the Third*, a laudatory portrayal of the king as the "good father" protecting our public morals.
- During the War of 1812, the "Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada," collected money to aid militia members and their suffering families. It ordered hundreds of silver medals to honour war heroes. None was ever awarded – they sat in the vaults of the Bank of Upper Canada for 30 years before they were melted down and sold to Toronto watchmakers.
- William Lyon Mackenzie's red wig was the subject of constant satirizing by competing newspaper editor Francis Collins. To Collins it expressed Mackenzie's true character: vain, courtly, deceptive, pretentious, and hypocritical.

Such facts are fascinating, quite apart from the author's academic arguments.

Or there is the combined effort of a number of experts. For a number of years, the Osgoode Society for Canadian Legal History has been publishing valuable volumes. Most are biographies of prominent jurists or collections of essays. Others – *The Odyssey of John Anderson* recounting the trials of an escaped slave, *Speedy Justice* telling the tale of a shipwreck, or *The Case of*

Native Studies





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Valentine Shortis examining the insanity defence in a murder trial – were published with a broader audience in mind. All Society publications are still in print. Its latest endeavour is a comprehensive examination of *Canadian State Trials*, that is, trials for offences which threaten the security of the state. Our nation has never been without those who, in word and/or deed, challenged the established authority. Opposition, dissent, protest, sedition, treason, rebellion are just as Canadian as our lauded commitment to "peace, order and good government." This first volume covers the period 1608–1837 – although heavy reading (17 legal scholar authors, 18 essays plus two appendices, more than 700 pages), here is marvelous material.

And look for *The Law Society of Upper Canada*, even if you think you have no interest in legal history. Christopher Moore's splendid abilities as a historian – researching, reflecting, organizing, presenting, interpreting – have once again produced a treasure. Like no book on law I've ever seen, its design and illustrations, along with its lucid style, make it lovely to look at and a pleasure to read.

Books Cited

1812. By David Nevin. Forge (distributed by H.B. Fenn). 448 pp. $29.95.

Alias Grace. By Margaret Atwood. McClelland & Stewart. 468 pp. $32.50.

All the Fine Young Eagles: In the Cockpit with Canada's Second World War Fighter Pilots. David L. Bashow. Stoddart. 384 pp. $32.00.

Canadian State Trials: Law Politics and Security Measures, 1608–1837. Edited by F. Murray Greenwood and Barry Wright. University of Toronto Press. 742 pp. $45.

The Case of Valentine Shortis: A True Story of Crime and Politics in Canada. By Martin Friedland. University of Toronto Press. $20.95.

A Land of Discord Always: Acadia from Its Beginnings to the Expulsion of Its People, 1604–1755. By Charles D. Mahaffie Jr. Nimbus. 320 pp. $29.95.

The Law Society of Upper Canada and Ontario's Lawyers 1797-1997. By Christopher Moore. University of Toronto Press. 395 pp., $45.00.

The Odyssey of John Anderson. By Patrick Brode. University of Toronto Press. $35.00.

Public Men and Virtuous Women: The Gendered Languages of Religion and Politics in Upper Canada, 1791–1850. By Cecilia Morgan. University of Toronto Press. 304 pp. $18.95.

Speedy Justice, The Tragic Last Voyage of His Majesty's Vessel "Speedy". 167 pp. $35.

The Peaceful Recycling of Warships

In a recent issue Robert Malcomson reviewed the book *Chronicles of the Frigate "Macedonian"*. We read that she was captured in the Atlantic by the USS *Constitution* in 1812 ending her days as timbers in a hotel in 1922.

My evening paper for the 30 December tells me of a new discovery. In the village of Wickham, eight miles from the historic port of Portsmouth, Hampshire, an aged mill, named Chesapeake Mill, has been researched by its owner Bruce Tappenden. With timbers exposed, it has been confirmed by Brian Lavery, curator of ship technology for the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, to be constructed from the timbers of the USS *Chesapeake* no less.

The warship built in 1798 in Gosport, Virginia, was captured by the British in Boston Bay in 1813. She was sailed back to Britain where her timbers were sold in 1819 for the sum of £3,450. Most were used later to build the mill. Gosport, Hampshire, is no more than a cannon shot from her resting place. Another coincidence?

So many proud ships lie disintegrating beneath the waters of the world. Perhaps it is not such an ignominious end for these ships. Their timbers were seasoned, mature and fashioned. Very useful! The first elements of recycling, perhaps.

Michael J. Northeast,
Hayling Island,
Hampshire, England.

Remembering the Red Reader

P.B.Waite's delightful memoir of Ontario schooldays in the 1930s [*The Beaver* February/March 1997] brought back my own memories of the *Red Reader* that was regularly handed out to us in my Toronto public school. Piles of the *Readers* lived on the window shelf in our classroom beside neat piles of a grey book with the title in big black letters – *Glengarry School Days* by Ralph Connor. We were allowed to read this when we had finished an assignment ahead of our classmates, a carrot that certainly I responded to. In *Glengarry School Days* they had spelling matches in class just as we did, standing up in rows on either side of the room, going back to your place if you spelt a word wrong. The last person standing was acclaimed the winner. I wonder if the students in his Belleville school marched into school from the school yard to the thumping rhythm of Colonel Bogy's March, played on the phonograph that stood in the big hall (was it really big?). In that hall we too sang "The Maple Leaf Forever", singing how "Wolfe the dauntless hero came/And planted firm Britannia's flag/On Canada's fair domain." Was this only on November 11 when we had three minutes silence, and closed our eyes to remember those who had been killed in the War? Did those students too sing all three verses of God Save the King? Or were we more stoutly monarchical in Toronto than they were in Belleville?

Actually we learned more about Jacques Cartier and Samuel Champlain, LaVerendrye and LaSalle than we did about Wolfe. We memorized the verses:

In the seaport of St. Malo
On a shining morn in May,
The commodore Jacques Cartier
To the westward sailed away.

Now who wrote that? We sang, we memorized poems, but we did not pledge allegiance to a flag. Only Americans did that. Singing patriotic songs, studying the voyages of the French explorers across Canada, learning the names of our rivers and lakes, reading the story of Maria Chapdelaine, we learned that we were Canadian. And when Mr. Leacock, the music teacher, gave us the note on his tuning fork, we sang about "the true north strong and free."

So I continue to enjoy reading *The Beaver*.

Patricia O. Irwin,
East Hampton, NY.

Royals Only

In the article by Jonathan F. Vance, "The Great Response" [*The Beaver*, October/November 1996], I believe the caption for the photograph of King George VI (1939 visit) stating that Mr. MacKenzie King is in a Windsor Uniform is wrong.

It appears to be a civil uniform similar to the civil uniforms worn by Governors' General and Lieutenant Governors of the provinces, etc.

I am unable to determine how the term "Windsor Uniform" has come to be synonymous with this Civil Uniform, but I have seen it in one or two other publications (including some of our own!)

The Windsor Uniform or coat, is worn only by members of the Royal family at Windsor Castle and is quite different in style to the Civil Uniform worn in the picture of Mackenzie King.

Donna Flotre,
Collection Co-ordinator,
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EXPLORING CANADA'S HISTORY

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HOW TO READ YOUR MAILING LABEL

'Dumbing-Down' *The Beaver*

I have just got around to the October/November 1996 issue which talks about redesigning and renaming the magazine. Reading the editorial page, I found myself asking: Why is the enlarged margin described as "setting off the text"? Doesn't it simply reduce the text? By my estimate, you have reduced the word count by approximately one word per line. This is an example of "dumbing-down", which has crippled *Up Here* and destroyed *Equinox*, two other publications which I enjoyed once. Fortunately, you haven't gone very far along this dangerous path.

Why do you think that renaming this magazine as *Canada's History* will increase your subscriber base? Sorry, but *Canada's History* is lame. While it says exactly what the magazine is, it is a colourless and empty phrase. It reminds me of the term "Canada Day" which is popularly used to describe the 1st of July. Who are the people that you fear will see the title *The Beaver* and turn away? Are they the people who don't understand the image on the back of the nickel? Trust me, you won't ever get those people as subscribers, no matter what you call the magazine. As soon as they pick up *Canada's History* and see all that text, and the archival black-and-white photos, they will drop it and run.

(Unless of course you are planning to continue reducing the text, and replacing the archival photos with high-resolution colour photos taken with modern cameras, such as the images in the war memorial story. Three colour images of the same object taken at the same time are an example of "dumbing-down".)

The Beaver remains a superior publication which rewards readers with time and imagination. I don't believe you need to compete with the hundreds of other magazines that target readers without time and imagination, but if you want to try, good luck!

Jonathan Bishop,
Toronto, ON.

Get a Map

In the review "Misty, Technicolour Memories" [February/March], Tina Loo places the Glace Bay Miners Museum in *Sydney*. You had better hope no "Bay Boy" gets hold of you to avenge such an insult. The amalgamation of the Cape Breton industrial area hasn't diminished the community rivalries, in fact they may be increased.

Richard Hill,
Dartmouth, NS.

Quaker Hat

I am planning a trip to Labrador this summer which will take me to Hamilton Inlet. I see from the map, that slightly north of the mouth of the Inlet is a small island named Quaker Hat. As a Quaker myself, the name intrigues me, and I wonder whether any of your readers can tell me how or why the island got the name.

Every time *The Beaver* arrives at my flat here at Southhampton, England, I have to drop what I'm doing, put on a coffee, and read at least or article before anything else gets done. You have much to answer for. Long may *The Beaver* remain *The Beaver*!

Keith Treacher,
Southampton, England.

Man without a Country?

After reading your "Explorations" article in the latest issue of *The Beaver* [April/May 1997], it occurred to me that you and your readers might be interested in the following personal anecdote.

In January 1954, a little more than seven years after the Canadian Citizenship Act came into effect, my bride-to-be and I went to Toronto City Hall to apply for a marriage licence. One of the questions I had to answer was, "What is your nationality?"

"Canadian," I replied. "I was born in Canada."

"There is no such nationality as Canadian," snapped the clerk. "What was your father's nationality?"

"My father was born in Canada too," I said. "He's also Canadian."

"What about your grandfather, then?"

"My grandfather was also born in Canada, so he was Canadian." (I knew this was the wrong answer, but it was too late to turn back.)

"Well then," said the clerk, who seemed to be finding the whole affair rather tiresome, "that makes you a North American Indian."

I confessed that the logic of that conclusion completely escaped me, but he was adamant. "We only go back two generations," he said. In the space marked "nationality" he wrote down "North American Indian".

When we went back to City Hall later that month for the marriage ceremony, the Justice of the Peace looked at the certificate, looked at me, then back at the certificate.

"You don't look like an Indian to me," he said.

"I'm not," I said, "or at least I wasn't until last week." And I outlined to him the process by which I had recently attained instant indigenous status.

The JP was equal to the challenge. "Where was your great-grandfather born?" he wanted to know.

"In Ireland."

"Well then, you're Irish." And with a stroke of his pen he crossed out "North American Indian", replaced it with "Irish", and proceeded with the ceremony.

Ever since then, whenever I am asked what my nationality is, I answer, "Canadian".

Edward Baxter,
Stratford, ON.

W. Watts & Sons

We would like to appeal to your readers, in hope that some may be able to assist us in research which is being compiled to be published later this year. W. Watts & Sons were boatbuilders in Collingwood from the 1850s until the end of the Second World War. They were skilled and prolific builders of boats of all kinds. Their craft were seen all over the Great Lakes and beyond. They were used by fishermen, lighthouse keepers, pleasure sailors and cadets. Their boats were lapstrake and carvel built, big and small, square-sterned and double-ended.

We are appealing to anyone who may have owned one of these boats, used one, or has photographs of them. If you have memories, photographs or stories to tell about a Watts-built vessel, we are eager to hear from you.

Tracy Marsh, Thornbury, Ontario.
(705) 445-4811 daytime
(519) 599-3819 evenings & weekends
cm-chin@georgian.net

Peter Watts, Oshawa, Ontario.
(905) 723-1703

Frozen Out

I read with interest David Phillips' article in *The Beaver* [February/March 1997] about Canada's coldest day. One thought came to mind immediately: White River, Ontario, claims to be the coldest spot in Canada. As you enter this Northern Ontario town you are welcomed by a large sign claiming that Canada's coldest temperature was measured in White River, Ontario. I forget the actual figure, but it was cold. This brings me to my question. Was White River, Ontario, ever the coldest spot in Canada? I did not even see White River listed as the coldest spot in Ontario in the article. Could it be that someone in White River has mixed up the White River near Snag, Yukon, with the White River in Ontario?

Jaan Ranne,
Kingston, NS.

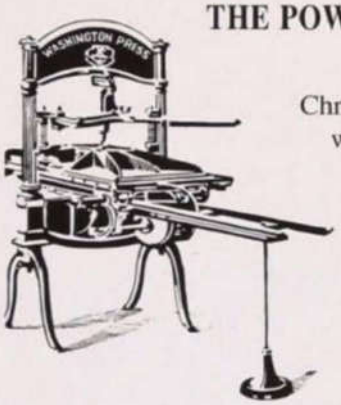
The Beaver
August/September 1997

HOSTESS TO A NATION

"We come from a very narrow-minded province and must do everything we can to shake off its effects. I never want to hear you utter a word against a Jew, a French Canadian or a Roman Catholic. Hold the right thoughts and look for the good. It's in everyone."

R.B. Fleming tells the remarkable story of Nellie King who presided over Ottawa society, fought for decency and good manners and once helped to save a tottering government.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS



Chris Raible looks back to a time when there were no printing presses in Canada and describes the struggle to introduce the printed word to colonies of British North America. It all started as government propaganda, of course.

FIGHTING FOR DEMOCRACY

Volunteers of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion chose Spanish Civil War battlefields to strike the first blows against Fascism. Historians Lawrin Armstrong and Mark Leier tell the story of a cause.

BETHUNE AND THE COMMUNISTS

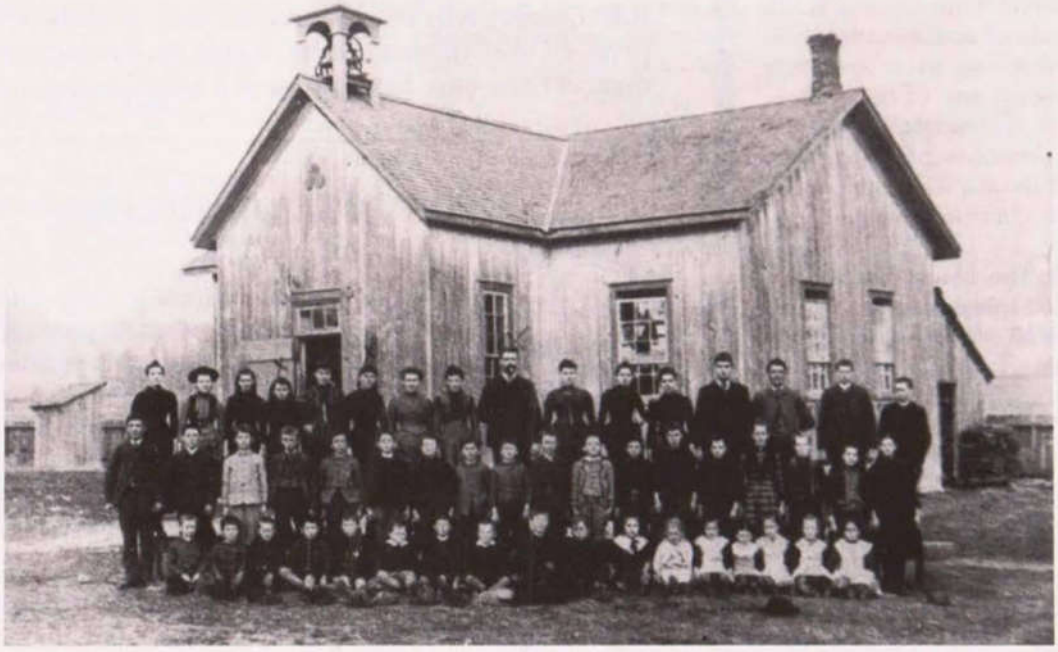
Medical hero Dr. Norman Bethune left Spain under a cloud while the war still raged. Recently released documents from the Communist International in Moscow tell a perplexing story, writes Larry Hannant.

Plus... ***Christopher Moore*** *on history and historians,* ***Chris Raible*** *on books ...* ***Christopher Dafoe****'s essay ...* ***Pictures from Canadian Attics*** *and* ***History in the News*** *... with reviews, letters and opinion.*

Pictures from Canadian Attics

ADAMVILLE ACADEMY, CLASS OF 1889

This photograph was submitted by Donald Smith, Professor of History at the University of Calgary. It was provided to him courtesy of the late Peter Scott, retired school inspector, Simcoe County, Ontario; and D.L. Small of Ottawa. It shows teacher John Corbett and his 50 students at the Adamville Academy, also known as the Thornton School, just south of Barrie in Simcoe County. In 1933, 44 years after the photograph was taken, the Barrie *Examiner* tried to trace each of the students and discovered that nine of the students had died, was unable to trace one student, but was successful in tracking down the current addresses of the other 40. Of these, 20 were residing in Ontario (13 of them in Simcoe County), six were in the United States, and 14 in Western Canada. In short, at least one out of four of the pupils in this small rural school in Ontario eventually settled in Western Canada.



- ***Top Row, L to R:*** *Lizzie Broley (Nixon), deceased; Maggie Torrance (Curtis), Dakota; Beatrice Stewart, no information; Emma Simpson (Grose), Thornton; Annie Thompson, deceased; Minnie Simpson (Corbett), Thornton; Annie Torrance (Black), Loreburn, Sask.; Josephine Burns, Toronto; J.A. Corbett, the Teacher; Emma Thompson (Kilgour), Barrie; Edythe Blackstock (Richardson), Rowley, Sask.; Annie Broley (Srigley), N. Battleford, Sask.; John R. Thompson, Seba Beach, Alta.; R.J.D. Simpson, minister in Toronto; Henry Thompson, Toronto, deceased; H. Alfred Pearson, Cundles, Vespra Township.*

- ***Middle Row:*** *Wellington Seelby, Toronto; Fred G. Simpson, Fleming, Sask.; Wm. E. Blackstock, Minister in El Paso Texas; John Blackstock, Toronto, deceased, Harvey Bingham, Yellow Grass, Sask.; Harry A. Cailighen, Toronto; Robert Simpson, Govan, Sask.; John Havercroft, Barrie; George W. Havercroft, Barrie; Anson Pearson, Rugby, Oro Township.; Lorne C. Thompson, Vancouver, B.C.; Herb M. Simpson, Winnipeg, Man.; Ada Pearson (Gordon), New Lowell; Maude G. Simpson (Currie), Elmvale; Nina Bingham (Campbell), Yellow Grass, Sask.; Jennie Culbert (Brooks), Thornton; Bella Simpson, U.S.A., Sadie Patterson, Toronto, deceased.*

- ***Front Row:*** *Fred Blackstock, accidentally shot when a boy; Walter Havercroft, New Lowell; George G. Blackstock, Edmonton, Alta.; Russell Bingham, Yellow Grass, Sask.; Chester Thompson, killed in action, Great War; John Paterson, Toronto; Eddie Marr, deceased; Albert E. Owen, minister in Unionville; Fred Pearson, Edenvale; Margaret Simpson, nurse in Philadelphia; Cora Thompson (Burns), Hollywood, Calif.; Bertha Thompson (Poole), Detroit; Nettie Bingham (Lloyd), Yellow Grass, Sask.; Mabley Marr, deceased; Rose Marr (Beelby), Balgonie, Sask.; Hattie Wallace (Sproule), Markdale.*

Christopher Moore

'Pierre Berton on Acid'

A small, narrow theatre in one of Toronto's old industrial districts goes black. A superamplified electric beat surges up and cuts out.

Flash! Behind a clear screen dividing stage from audience, a Trudeau impersonator paddles a mock-up canoe and philosophizes on the Just Society. Flash! News film projected on the screen superimposes Trudeau's image over the actor's and Trudeau's broadcast voice merges with the actor's.

Flash! a cartoon-like gang of terrorists plot bombings and bank robberies on the same black stage. The stage slopes in and up – it is like looking through the screen into a TV set. "Pow" and "Bang" erupt on the screen.

Flash. Flash. Flash. Scenes flicker by, faster, louder, funnier than life. It's *Trudeau and the FLQ*. It's "theatre hotwired to the central nervous system". It's "history for a generation raised on rock and TV". It's the twelfth installment in a vast ten-year attempt to make "comedy-noir" theatre from Canadian political history, from the founding of New France to ... well, to the late news of whatever night in the year 2000 sees the final play in the cycle. Michael Hollingsworth, the playwright, with his remote control on the audience's collective brain, has become what one critic called "Pierre Berton on acid".

If he and his partners have their way, Hollingsworth's *History of Canada*, once completed, will be relaunched. They are talking video-cassettes, TV deals, and, most ambitiously, a permanent repertory theatre "for students, tourists, and theatre lovers, forever." Hollingsworth notes the ironies. He once practised "assault the audience" theatre, but now he's keen on market development, mailing lists, and spin-off packaging to keep his theatre afloat. And half the audience at his "cycle of history" plays for the TV generation is likely to be over 50. I recently went to find out more about Michael Hollingsworth's take on history and theatre.

Though his roots are in the indigenous, alternative theatre movement of the 1960s and 1970s, Michael Hollingsworth stands mostly outside the tradition that produced plays as diverse as Rex Deverell's *Paper Wheat*, Rick Salutin's *1837 – the Farmers' Revolt* and John Gray's *Billy Bishop Goes to War*. His immersion into historical theatre was sudden, personal, and total, and he began to write with the passion of a convert and the enthusiasm of an autodidact. Growing up rebellious in Toronto's theatrical fringe in the late 1960s and early 1970s, he was more interested in the theatre of shock ("When the *Globe and Mail* critic came to review my play *Clear Light* in 1973, he called the police") than the lessons of history.

"It started for me with the Quebec referendum," says Hollingsworth of his sudden historical passion, "the first referendum, 1980. I became a news junkie. I could not get enough. I would read all the newspapers and go to the library to get the out-of-town ones, too. I could not get enough news. And I had one of those epiphanies: I had to find out where all this came from."

"I had never read any history after high school," he continues. "But this argument on the constitution – why was it so visceral? What did it come out of? So I went to the library and I began to read." And from his reading, he began to write. *The History of the Village of the Small Huts*, starting with the first French colonials in Canada, launched his exploration of the history of the Canadian nation.

Hollingsworth made two simultaneous discoveries. One was VideoCabaret, where Deanne Taylor and other artists from Toronto's Queen Street West arts scene were experimenting with multimedia mixes of entertainment and political satire. "They do a sort of cabaret: many scenes, skits, music, video monitors. And out of that we developed the famous Black Box set." Through VideoCabaret, Hollingsworth found a way to dramatize 500 years of history that was funny and fresh – and also feasible. "It gives us a wonderful efficiency. We have been able to do 1,001 characters with twelve actors and one set."

"The black box set allows us to have 120 scenes in two hours. That's slow by the clicker world of television, but very fast for theatre. We prepared it as an assault on the central nervous system: fast changes, blackouts, multimedia, loud music." VideoCabaret has provided Hollingsworth a 15-year venue for his multi-part piece of theatre.

While he was learning a way to dramatize history for his own present-minded short-attention-span generation, Hollingsworth was discovering something else. The historians of Canada should be pleased: in Michael Hollingsworth they have got a fan, an unrestrained enthusiast for the work they have done.

As an example of the kind of material he admires, the avant-garde playwright cites that most respectable of historical references, *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*.

"*The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, that *is* my source. In theatre, you need to be brief, you need to get the essence and work with that. If they say Frontenac was rapacious, that's how I wrote him into the play. Because they have it in French and English, you know they have debated it and fought over it, they have honed every adjective. And if you check a French biography and an English biography and a native biography from the same period, you have all the perspectives. The historians today are great!"

Writing over a dozen plays about the history of Canada has made Hollingsworth a researcher himself. ("I learned to do it. I can work through 2,000 pages a week, now I have learned the discipline.") It shows. His sketches are funny and frenetic, but always rooted in historical detail and nicely observed caricature. As he moves into contemporary times, where the historians have not yet ventured, he appreciates the order of history all the more. "I have great respect for journalists. They say journalism is the rough draft of history – but you know it *is* the rough draft."

Hollingsworth finds the startling, in-your-face theatricality of his play cycle leads most critics to focus on form. This is not history the way you learned it at school, the critics usually report. They focus mostly on VideoCabaret's funny and furious multimedia presentation. "You know, no one debates with me on the content. They talk about the lights, the satire, the costumes."

What is the content of Hollingsworth's history, then? For all its farce and satire, it is surprisingly conventional, even patriotic. Hollingsworth clearly loves a conspiracy theory. What he calls the "back story" – behind-the-scenes manipulators, exploiters, and spies – adds spice to every episode, whether it is Bronfmans and bootleggers in the 1930s or separatist guru Claude Morin's dalliance with the RCMP for an upcoming segment. There's a satirical, anti-establishment sheen on the story. Yet the "front story" has been a decidedly traditional evolution of the Canadian nation out of its colonial roots. Hollingsworth can't help celebrating the old time nation-building heroes even as he peeks at their feet of clay.

Until recently, that is. "I began this in the Trudeau era," says Hollingsworth. "I thought the theme was nation-building. We had the French colonialism, then the English colonialism, and then we started to become a nation." Beneath the satire of the first part of his series, and its jibes at colonialism, capitalism, and corruption, lay the innocent optimism of '70s English-Canadian nationalism – galvanized by the terrible shock and challenge of Quebec nationalism.

Part Two, *The Global Village*, on Canadian history since the Second World War, has a harder, darker edge. "Meet the new boss, same as the old boss," is its (rock-derived) theme, driven by Hollingsworth's reaction to the Free Trade Agreement. Suddenly the American Empire has joined the Quebec nation as a threat to Hollingsworth's Village of the Small Huts, and Hollingsworth both mocks and laments his nation's falling back into colonialism and dependency.

"In the 1988 election, that's when I saw the colony replacing the nation. I was up to *Confederation and Riel* when all that happened, writing about the making of the nation, and suddenly I was seeing it unmaking. Mulroney came along, and we began to become an American colony. We are practising state-of-the-art colonialism. We're a colony blink your eyes we're a nation blink your eyes we're a colony blink ... ."

Now, a lot of the historians Hollingsworth reads would insist Canada's involvement with the American Empire started long before the era of Brian Mulroney. But Hollingsworth is a Trudeau kid ("I was 18 when he became PM and right through to 1984, if you leave out the blip, he shaped my times and my consciousness"). The indigenous theatre community that shaped Hollingsworth blossomed in the post-Expo, Trudeau-era youth culture, arts grants, and English-Canadian nationalism. Hollingsworth seems to have expected Trudeau to share that Canadian nationalist vision.

Trudeau, however, went his own way. "His indifference to economic nationalism – which is essential when you have a neighbour like the United States – that amazed me. Walter Gordon had it right. I thought he and Trudeau would be soulmates, but Trudeau didn't care, he was comfortable in the embrace of corporate monopoly capitalism.

Pierre Trudeau suddenly seems the pivotal, irreconcilable figure in Hollingsworth's now two-edged vision of Canada. The hero of the referendum fight of 1980, the symbol of the hip, sophisticated irreverent Canada being born in the "colony to nation" movement of Hollingsworth's history, seems not quite on the side of the angels in the "nation to colony" *denouement*. *Trudeau and the FLQ* does not resolve these problems. Confronting Quebec's revolutionary nationalism, the philosopher-king – "Machiavelli meets John Stuart Mill" as Hollingsworth dubs him – gets a respectful hearing even in VideoCabaret's full tilt farce. But while the Canadian state is being preserved, it's less and less certain there's a future for the (English-) Canadian nationalism that drove the earlier episodes of Hollingsworth's chronicle. Approaching 50 and the millennium together, approaching the end of his 15-year immersion in a single play cycle, approaching the end of the Trudeau-era arts-grant system that produced him and so much of indigenous Canadian theatre, approaching, he suspects, a doozy of a mid-life crisis, Hollingsworth seems increasingly tangled in the maddening, never-to-be summed-up loose ends of Canadian history. But he remains driven and dauntless, buried in texts, chain-smoking, downloading Internet sources, eager for other playwrights to discover what he discovered more than 15 years ago.

"If you want to stimulate the Canadian imagination, take the DCB," he says. "The stereotype is that history is dull and boring, whereas, of course, it is full of bloody violence and excitement and plot and character. If you want plot and character, go to the library!"

VideoCabaret and Factory Theatre will open "Trudeau and Lévesque" the next installment of Michael Hollingsworth's history cycle, in Toronto in the fall of 1997.

FORMER EDITOR DIES AT 90

Malvina Bolus, who was editor of *The Beaver* from 1958 to 1971, died in Victoria, British Columbia, on 6 April at the age of 90.

She was born in 1906 in the Falkland Islands where her father was a doctor, was educated in England and came to Canada with her parents in 1926. Early in her career she was secretary to Agnes Macphail, the first woman MP. Her war service included a stint as secretary to General H.D.G. Crerar in England.

Back in Ottawa after the war Miss Bolus served as Assistant Editor of the *Canadian Geographical Journal* and edited a book, *Image of Canada*, published in 1953.

As Editor of *The Beaver* she enhanced the reputation of the magazine. During her term the magazine was particularly noted for articles on natural history, the fur trade and Inuit art, which was featured in a memorable Centennial special issue published in Autumn 1967. She was named to the Order of Canada in 1970.

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EIGHTY YEARS AFTER

Six First World War veterans aged 97 to 104 were at Vimy Ridge in France on 9 April to help mark the 80th anniversary of the battle in which Canadian soldiers achieved one of the great victories of the war, a battle that marked Canada's military "coming of age".

Included in the party led by Governor-General Romeo LeBlanc were First World War veterans Harold Lidstone, 101; Fred Evans, 99; Tom Spear 100; Gordon Boyd, 98; Harry Boyce, 104 and Cyril Martin, 97. A group of Canadian teenagers, many of whom might have faced the prospect of service in the trenches of France and Belgium 80 years ago, represented Canadian youth. Over 3,500 Canadians died during the battle of Vimy Ridge, which began on 9 April 1917.

Tom Spear, 100, recalled the battlefield as it was 80 years ago: "It was just ploughed up – death, stumps of trees, sunken roads. I'll never forget that day." One of the young Canadians in the party, Sandra Askes, 18, commented: "I look at these old veterans and realize they were only 17 or 18 when they fought. That really hit home."

During the ceremony at the Ridge the Governor-General announced that Vimy Ridge and the Beaumont-Hamel Memorial, which marks the place where troops from Newfoundland faced a horrific ordeal by fire in the 1914–1918 war, would become the first places outside Canada officially to be recognized as Canadian historic sites. The land on which the Vimy memorial stands and the surrounding park were donated to Canada by the French in 1922.

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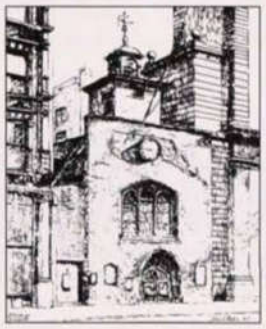
ETHELBURGA TO RISE AGAIN



The medieval church of St. Ethelburga in London, England, seriously damaged by an IRA bomb four years ago, will be partially restored and converted into a centre for reconciliation and peace the Bishop of London, the Right Reverend Richard Chartres, has announced.

At a ceremony attended by former Lebanon hostages Terry Waite and John McCarthy, the bishop announced that the centre will consist of a small church, a memorial garden and offices which will be used by staff offering practical support and counselling to the victims of terrorism and conflict. The medieval street frontage, roof and eighteenth-century bell turret will be restored. The bishop said: "I am heartened by the early support and the offers of cash which may mean that we do not even have to launch a public appeal to raise the £3 million I think will be needed." Terry Waite added: "There is tremendous symbolism in this building, that from the destruction and out of suffering comes new hope."

St. Ethelburga's is of special interest to Canadians because of associations with the Hudson's Bay Company, which once had its headquarters next door, and because the explorer Henry Hudson and his crew are said to have taken their final communion on English soil, here before setting of on the tragic 1607 voyage in search of the North West Passage.

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A LUNENBURG WALK

The historic seaport of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, was recently declared a UNESCO World Heritage Site, and this September visitors to the town will have a unique opportunity to explore its public and private places. The tour, which will take place on 13 September, will cover some of the town's most interesting private houses as well as one-of-a-kind buildings such as the century-old Lunenburg Academy and an authentic blacksmith shop which has been operating continuously since the days of the Grand Banks schooners.

The event has been organized to raise money for the establishment of a new "house museum" to show visitors what a typical fisherman's house was like in the great days of the Atlantic fishery.

Lunenburg, founded in 1753, has been an important fishing and trading port for much of its history.

For more information on the tour call Peter Haughn, Deputy Town Clerk, at (902) 634-4410.

THE SOCIETY

A Grateful Acknowledgment

The Society acknowledges, with thanks, the support it receives annually from the Hudson's Bay History Foundation, which provides the Society with its principal funding. The Society has received grants from the Foundation for the last four years.

The Hudson's Bay History Foundation was established in 1994 as a result of gifts by The Bay to the Province of Manitoba of its corporate archives and museum collection. The Foundation ensures funding for the future care and management of the gifts and also provides support to the Society. Brian C. Grose, a nominee of the Foundation, was elected to the Society Board in June, 1996.

BC Historical Federation in Nelson

In honour of the centennial anniversary of Nelson B.C., the BC Historical Federation held its annual conference in that city in early May. The conference program included three heritage tours, an annual general meeting, speakers and an awards banquet. The Society was represented by Shirlee Anne Smith, of Winnipeg, a director of the organization.

The two-day conference was preceded by a day-long workshop, sponsored by the Society, led by professional resource people. The topic of the morning session was "Oral History: How, Why, When, Where?". The afternoon was devoted to "Researching, Writing and Publishing Local Histories."

Tina Loo

The Society's sponsorship is part of its program with four provincial historical associations that offers up to $5000 a year, for three years, in support of an existing activity, or to launch a new one, that help promote history at the provincial level.

You are invited to visit the Society's Web Site at http://www.cyberspc.mb.ca/~otmw/cnhs/cnhs.html

Loo in Seagram Chair

The second Seagram Chair in Canadian Studies will be held by Professor Tina Loo, of the Department of History, Simon Fraser University, and a member of the Board of Canada's National History Society. The appointment is for the 1997-98 academic year and begins this fall. Her book *Making Law, Order and Authority in British Columbia, 1821-1871*, a look at the question of law and order on the frontier, has won wide critical acclaim. Her areas of historical interest are largely law-centred and rooted in the West.

An enriching element at the McGill Institute of Canadian Studies, in Montreal, has been the presence of visiting scholars from Canadian institutions and abroad. These positions are financed by the Seagram Company of Canada through a grant program that began in 1995. Beginning last year, the visiting Canadian position involves undergraduate teaching responsibilities. Professor Loo will be teaching one course at the Institute and one in the McGill History Department. Both courses will deal with Western Canada. Both of these courses will reflect her trademark style of communicating the past "in a lively and engaging manner", not just to entertain but, using an interdisciplinary approach, to "show students that there are many different and competing ways of looking at the past." She will also be responsible for delivering the annual Seagram Lecture, a public talk on the subject of her choice.

Canada's National History Society

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THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB offers a convenient way to obtain selected Canadian books - primarily those dealing with historical or biographical subjects - at significant savings. Selection may vary with each issue of the Beaver.

NEW **MEN AGAINST THE DESERT** *by James H. Gray*
This book tells of the triumph over circumstances in Alberta's Palliser Triangle desert district during the Dirty Thirties. Gray considers it "the greatest Canadian success story since the completion of the CPR". 288 pp., photos.

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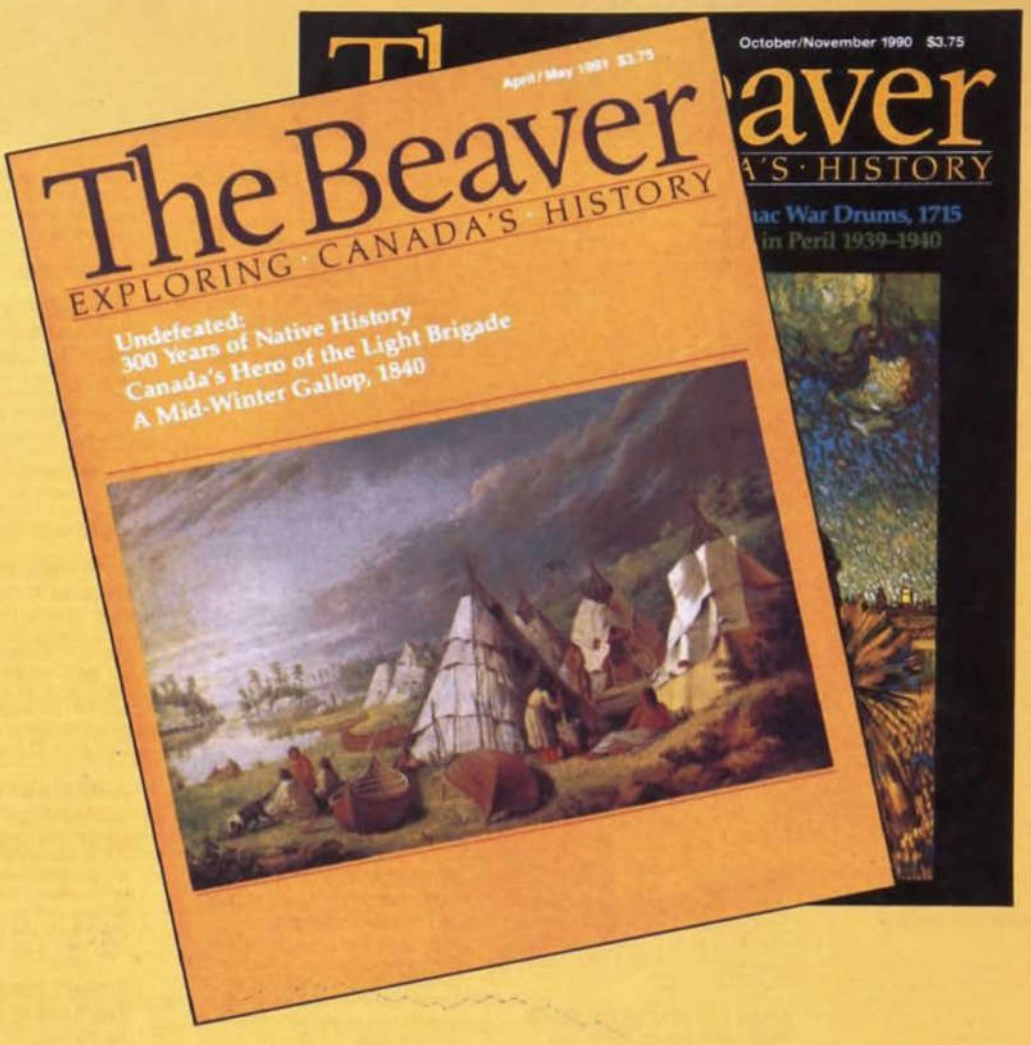

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